

John Dick 313 Strand

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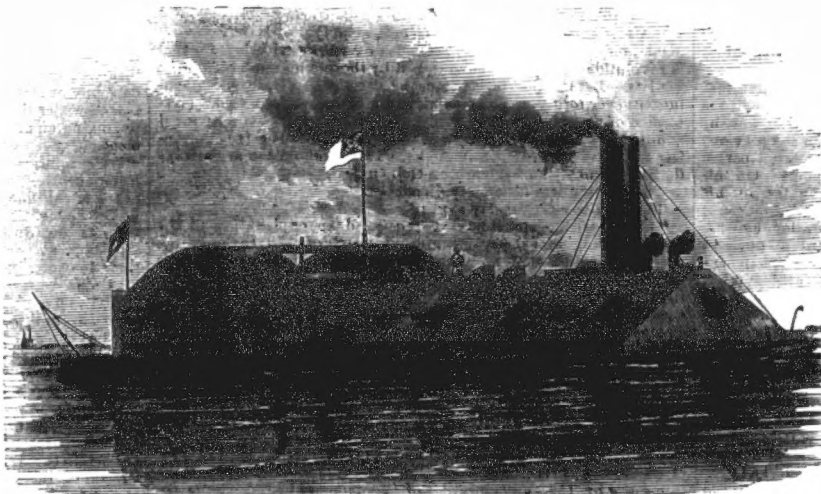
LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1864.

ONE PENNY.

THE SIEGE OF MOBILE.

THE accompanying illustrations have reference to the military operations before Mobile. For its size, Mobile has frequently been the scene of important engagements. It was one of the earliest stations of French power on the south-west, and was menaced by the Spaniards. At a later date, in the hands of the latter, it was exposed to the attack of the English. During the present American war, it has been blockaded by the Northern fleet, and, cannonaded by Fort Pickens, which the Southerners have in vain endeavoured to take. When Sherman and Smith advanced, and Farragut began to thunder at Fort Powell, the Northerners fully expected to see Mobile fall into their hands, but were doomed, as usual, to disappointment.

One of the main defences of the place is the Confederate ram *Baltic*, Admiral Buchanan, commander. Our illustration shows the vessel as seen from the blockading fleet. The other is an engraving of the explosion of a rifle gun on board the *J. P. Jackson*. This steamer, which has been in most of the active engagements during the war, was this time most unfortunate. In the first attack her rifle gun burst, and, afterwards going into action with a new one, this also burst, after two hours' action, wounding several, and doing considerable injury to the vessel.



THE CONFEDERATE RAM BALTIC, OFF MOBILE.

DEATH OF A DANISH HERO.

A LETTER from Horns Hav of the 20th says:—"The end of General Du Plat was that of a hero. Being surprised at the head of his division by the Prussian torrent, he first gave way after receiving two sabre wounds. Some of his men ran towards him, as if to afford aid. 'There must be something more to make one die,' he exclaimed; 'follow me!' and with some hundreds of his men he arrived at the battery No. 5. There, while scaling the parapet, he was hit by a ball in the breast, which passed through his body, and he fell. Two officers were about to have him removed, when he cried out, 'Every man to his place, and forward!' Saying these words, he expired." Another writer says:—"He sank back to all appearance lifeless; but he lifted himself up again by a last effort, and his voice was still heard repeating, 'Hold out, my friends! Hold out for God and Denmark!' It was at this moment that Major Rosen, informed of the general's fall, came up; but he had hardly reached the spot when he was stretched by the side of his dead friend mortally wounded. General Du Plat's corpse had two laurel wreaths round its head when it came into its friends' hands, and these were laid on the brow of the dead hero by no less illustrious hands than those of Prince Frederick Charles and Marshal Wrangel."



EXPLOSION ON BOARD THE *J. P. JACKSON* DURING THE SIEGE OF FORT POWELL, MOBILE.

Notes to the Week

On Saturday an inquest was held by Mr. Humphreys, coroner for Middlesex, at the Little Head Tavern, Fyssen-street, Bethnal-green, touching the death of Elizabeth Randall, aged seventy-three years. The deceased was a widow, who resided with another aged woman, named Catherine Willis, at 11, New-street, Bethnal-green, and they paid between them 1s. 6d. a week rent. Her husband had been dead for nearly thirty years, and no one now knew his name or even his name. She suffered great privations during the winter. Catherine Willis said that deceased had lived with her in one room for the last five years. Witness used to urge her to go into the Bethnal-green workhouse, but she would not. She said she would sooner starve than go into the house, she had such an objection to it. She used to have about half a quarter of bread a week. Every Tuesday she went out to do a day's washing, and she got 8d. and her day's meals for that. She earned no more in the week. Two ladies in Whitechapel gave her 1s. every fortnight towards her rent, and she used sometimes to get half-pence from one or two neighbours. She and witness had no blankets for their bed, but they had two cotton patchwork quilts and sheets. They arranged that the survivor was to have all. That was all the covering they had during the winter, and deceased suffered greatly from cold. She was so weak that she could hardly pull the clothes over her. She had not enough to keep body and soul together. On the previous Wednesday morning the witness went out to do a day's work, from seven in the morning till eight at night, and on her return at night she found the deceased dead on the bed. She used to remain in bed as much as she could, for she was more comfortable there, and when she was asleep did not feel miserable. When she went out she was poorly clad, and the cold affected her very much. When she was out on the Tuesday, she got from some one half a pint of beer, a thing that she had not been able to get for months. Mr. Mansingham, M.C.S., said that when he was called to see the deceased on Wednesday night she had been dead for some hours. The post-mortem examination of the body showed that there was not a particle of food in the stomach or intestines. There was no trace of fat in the system, and the blood was like water. Death resulted from bronchitis and want of nourishment, clothing, and warmth. The jury returned a verdict that deceased was found dead from the mortal effects of bronchitis, and that her said death was accelerated by want of nourishment, clothing and warmth.

On Saturday afternoon an inquest was held by Dr. Lankester at the Tabernacle Tavern, Lower-road, Islington, relative to the death of John Evans, aged twenty-six, late collierman to a wine merchant in Brompton-street. It appeared that on the previous Tuesday evening, just before eight o'clock, the deceased parted from his brother-in-law, and proceeded home. On his arrival there he accused Miss Porter, the daughter of his landlady, to whom he was engaged to be married, of going out with other young men. She repudiated the accusation, and retired to her room. While going upstairs she heard a noise as though deceased had shut his bedroom window. Next morning, as deceased did not as usual appear at the breakfast table, Miss Porter sent a younger sister to call him, who, finding the door locked, looked through the keyhole, and saw the deceased lying back on the bed with a pistol on the floor. A police-constable, 33 N, was then called in, as also Dr. Billingham. The latter found that deceased had been dead several hours, leading to the supposition, as the bed had not been occupied, that the noise heard was the report of the pistol. The face of deceased was frightfully lacerated, the left side of the upper jaw being blown away, and a bullet had been lodged in the base of the brain, producing instant death. Miss Porter, who was very much affected, stated that deceased had for some time past acted in a strange manner. One evening when she made him some tea he threw it over her. There was no foundation, she said, for his believing that she walked out with other young men. The deceased had been out of a situation for three weeks. The pistol belonged to her brother, and it was placed unloaded in a birdcage in deceased's room. Evidence having been given bearing on the state of mind of the deceased, showing that he had lost his situation through a vacancy of manner, a verdict of "Suicide under temporary insanity" was returned.

On Saturday, in the Lord Mayor's Court, a claim was made by Mr. Hutchins, a surgeon, of Bridge-street, Blackfriars, against the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company, for compensation in respect of the loss of his practice and house, owing to the building of the Farringdon-street extension. The claimant said he had lived thirty-five years in his present house, and he could find no other house suited to him, consequently he had been obliged to move up to the "obscure" place. After the case had proceeded some time an arrangement was come to by awarding the claimant £450.

At four o'clock on Monday morning the Confederate war steamer Georgia, Captain Evans, arrived in the Mersey and anchored opposite the landing stage. She has a black hull and funnel, mounts six guns, and is manned by sixty men. She is understood to be under the actual command of Lieutenant Maury, a well-known officer in the Confederate service. Bordeaux was the last port she was at, but she has captured no prizes. During the early part of the day she was an object of considerable interest, and there was no lack of speculation as to her object in visiting Liverpool. Dark hints were even thrown out that it had something to do with Mr. Laird's steam ram. Later in the day it was learnt, on satisfactory authority, that she was brought there to be sold, the reason being that her performance as a cruiser are not satisfactory. Her powder and shell were removed, according to the harbour regulations, and in the afternoon she was taken into one of the Birkenhead docks.

THE CONFERENCE.

This drawing on pages 744 and 745 contains faithful likenesses of the different plenipotentiaries assembled in London for the purpose of arranging the Danish question. The Conference, after an adjournment of several days, met again on Tuesday. The plenipotentiaries are:—

England—Earl Russell and Lord Clarendon.
France—Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne.
Austria—Count Apponyi and Privy Councillor Bieglöben.
Prussia—Count Bernstorff and Privy Councillor Balan, formerly ambassador at Copenhagen.
The German Confederation—M. de Beust, Saxon Minister.
Russia—Baron Brunnow.
Sweden—General Wachmeister.
Denmark—Baron de Hille, M. Quasdo (the Minister for Foreign Affairs), and Councillor Krieger.

The Conference appointed Earl Russell its president, and the Hon. William Stuart as secretary.

The London correspondence of the *Independence Belge* contains the following:—
"The Conference met on the 25th. All the plenipotentiaries were present. After having exchanged their credentials, Lord Clarendon brought forward the proposal of an immediate armistice. The proposal was supported by the plenipotentiaries of France, Prussia, and Sweden. It gave rise to a somewhat lively discussion between the representatives of Austria and Prussia on the one hand, and of Denmark on the other. Finally, the Austrian and Prussian plenipotentiaries asked for the time necessary to refer to their Governments for instructions, and the Conference has been adjourned until they have received them."

As we before stated, the Congress re-assembled last Tuesday.

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

In the Senate a debate which arose on a petition from the town council of Granville, asking for a Government subvention of 10,000 francs to facilitate intercourse with Jersey, elicited a manifestation of anti-English feeling from our old friend, the Marquis de Bussy. The prayer of the petition was warmly supported by several senators, especially by M. Leverrier, who recapitulated the aid which English steam companies received from Government, and who stated that to refuse to aid the Granville people to keep up their steam-boat would be striking the French flag to that of England. M. Leverrier was followed by the Marquis de Bussy. He said: "You have been told that you ought to be reasonable—that you should not exaggerate national susceptibilities. I hold that it is our duty to exaggerate them. I see no reason why an enemy's flag should wave triumphantly in all our harbours—I see no reason why our national flag should strike to those colours we detest (movement). Yes, gentlemen, I say we detest them—"

M. Leverrier: I never said so. I only asked that the French flag should float by the side of that of England.

M. de Bussy: You did not, but I do say so.
The President: You would do much better not to say so, on account of our good relations with England. Hers cannot be considered as a hostile flag.

M. de Bussy: Every one can speak according to his conscience. I detest it. Now how many are there here who are not of my way of thinking? Let them raise their hand. I do not see any. There is not one. (Laughter.) I support the prayer of the petition. It is in the interest of the dignity of my country, and because they can see us and hear us on the other side of the Channel. We all know what has just occurred there. It is an example, and I will call it a happy one, for when anything bad occurs on the other side of the Channel, anything that may be looked upon as a system of revolution, I applaud it with all my heart. If a few persons have been grieved, deeply afflicted in witnessing the self-degradation of the social head of a great country, we have witnessed—a shame for our epoch—a shame for a certain country, not for us—the heir to a crown shake hands with a filibuster.

A few voices:—*Tres bien!* (Good, good!)

M. de Bussy: As for me, my heart overflows with joy, for that is revolution—revolution encouraged by those who must be its first victims. Let not that rash prince be deceived. (Uproar.) Revolution never forgives—(increasing tumult)—it makes a tool. (Explosion of murmurs, interruption.) It is said that I am wrong. I admit that I am not very clear-headed just now, but it is nevertheless true that princes who shake hands with revolution are always its first victims. But enough on that subject.

The petition was ultimately dismissed.

The *Moniteur* of Monday says:—

"The English Cabinet having requested an explanation of the Austrian Government respecting the dispatch of ships to the Baltic, the latter replied that no such intention existed. Her Majesty's Government in consequence renounced its plan of sending an English fleet to the Baltic. Austria and Prussia insist upon the cessation of the blockade as one of the conditions for an armistice. Prussia is said to offer as an equivalent the renunciation of the war contribution in Jutland, and is also reported to propose to evacuate Jutland should the Danes retire from Alsén, suspend the blockade, and restore the captured ships."

AUSTRIA.

The *Ost Deutsche Post* of Vienna is much disturbed by the visit of the Prince of Wales to Garibaldi. It says:—"The demonstration made by the representative of the monarchical principle towards the representative of European revolution causes anxiety from which it is impossible to guard oneself, because the danger is not patent, but subterranean, latent; no one can tell where the mine will explode. Nevertheless, it is France which appears to be chiefly menaced. If additional proof were needed of the failure of Lord Clarendon's journey to Paris, the visit of the hereditary prince to Garibaldi would furnish it."

DENMARK.

Dagbladet says:—"The negotiations at the Conference on the question of an armistice furnish us with a measure by which to judge of the result of the Conference itself. England, under Earl Russell, has sunk so low that she has lost all feeling of honour, and consequently, it can scarcely be expected that she will protect international rights. Should the other Powers act in a similar spirit Denmark must enter into direct negotiations with the enemy, as more favourable results may be obtained in Berlin than from London. The principal thing is to preserve a small but independent Danish country, and a free Danish people."

A TALE OF THE SEA.—At the Sailors' Home, Liverpool, the chairman of the Local Marine Board, on behalf of the Board of Trade, presented a telescope to Captain Thomas Eales, of the barque *Our Queen*, as a recognition of his meritorious conduct in saving the captain and sixteen of the crew of the ship *Meerschum*, on the 20th of November last, in the Indian Ocean. It appears from the written statement of the captain of the *Meerschum* that he was obliged to abandon his ship and take to the boats, and had been at sea some days, when, on the 20th November, in lat. 4° 20' N., and long 107° 28' E., they sighted the barque *Our Queen*, but could not tell in what direction she was bearing. At this time his boat, containing himself and sixteen of the crew, was only a plank and a half out of the water, and the men were all in a very exhausted state, and their scanty supply of provisions being gone, none of them could have lived above a day or two longer had they not been picked up. The barque at last saw them, and hove to. The captain received them all very kindly, and landed them ten days afterwards at Angola. The chief officer and two men, in another boat, were picked up by another vessel, and landed at Singapore. Captain Eales, on receiving the gift, expressed his thanks and the gratification it gave him to be able to render assistance to his fellow-creatures on such occasions.

GERMAN LIBERTY AND THE STICK.—A letter from Mecklenburg-Schwerin in the *Hamburg News* says:—"In the last sitting of the Diet here, the equestrian order passed, by thirty votes to six, a Bill to invest the proprietor of a seigniorial domain with a power, as magistrate, of condemning the people on his estate, for neglect of service, to a fine of five thalers, an imprisonment of one week, and twenty-five blows with a stick. The representatives of the towns rejected the Bill which constituted the seigneur judge in his own cause; it, however, received the sanction of the Grand Duke, and henceforth a seigneur will only have to call for the assistance of a bailiff, who may be his steward, or a schoolmaster on his estate, the nomination to which office he possesses, to be able to inflict on his tenants, their wives, and his male and female servants or labourers, twenty-five blows with a stick."

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THE WAR IN NORTHERN EUROPE.

WHILST the King of Prussia was in the camp near Duppel, he was present at a parade of the troops, and afterwards spoke as follows to the officers of all grades who had just been decorated:—

"Gentlemen,—I have come here to express personally to the brave army my sincere thanks for the extraordinary deeds for the wonderful endurance and great exertions, for the admirable manner in which the troops were led, for the great and noble victory. Gentlemen, I would gladly have been amongst you in this campaign, but unfortunately the position which I am now called upon to fill would not permit this. Other circumstances compelled me to be absent from the troops in the field, and this, I assure you, afflicted me soldierly heart. You have drawn the eyes of all Europe upon you, and have everywhere received the greatest praise. This, gentlemen, is the fruit of that good spirit which, as is well known, is possessed by the entire Prussian army, and which certainly will never be extinguished in it. I again express to you all my most deeply felt thanks. I shall confer a particular mark of my esteem on the glorious column for the bravery and fearlessness they displayed in so high a degree, and which contributed so much to the magnificent victory of Friedland, gentlemen. Convey to all the troops my highest recognition, and express to them my royal thanks."

The Emperor of Austria has sent the following autograph letter to Field-Marshal von Wrangel, the commander-in-chief of the allied army:—

"Dear Field-Marshal General von Wrangel,—In respect of the brilliant victory which the allied army placed under your command, animated by the greatest zeal, gained in a sanguinary struggle against a desperate enemy, I have the greatest pleasure in conferring on you the cross of commander of my military order of Maria Theresa, as a recognition of so great a service. In order to commemorate the newly-sealed companionship in arms between my troops and those of my royal ally, by which this war has been the occasion, I nominate you, my dear field-marshal, prior of my 2nd Regiment of Carabiers, which will henceforth bear your name."

"Vienna, April 19."

"FRANCIS JOSEPH."

THE INSURRECTION IN ALGERIA.

The *Messenger du Midi* publishes a letter from Tiarret, in Algeria, of the 14th ult., which contains some interesting details respecting the insurrection which has broken out in that colony. It states that a detachment of thirty-five men of the battalion of Africa were employed under the direction of an officer at forty leagues from Tiarret in sinking an arisan well. Provisions were sent to the detachment every ten days. Towards the 10th of April the officer received private information advising him to return to Tiarret to avoid being surprised by the rebels. As he did not receive his provisions at the usual time the officer thought they had been intercepted, and he determined to leave, as he had no provisions. The detachment set out on Sunday afternoon, and marched all night. Being attacked at daylight they formed a square and continued their journey, fighting and marching, without having had any food but half a biscuit and a cup of coffee. They arrived at Tiarret at five o'clock on Tuesday morning, after having marched 100 miles in thirty-six hours, with scarcely anything to eat. They lost but three men, one of whom arrived two days afterwards completely naked, with a ball in his shoulder, and a wound in his stomach caused by a knife. Their fatigue was so great that some of them slept while marching, and others were under the illusion that they saw wells, gardens, and houses which had no existence. At one period of their march they found it necessary to abandon to their pursuers a donkey which carried their slender baggage, but while the Arabs lost their time in pillage the soldiers brought several of them to the ground with their rifles; and subsequently the soldiers dropped some of their knapsacks in order to attract and delay the Arabs, who were closing on them.

MESSAGE OF FRENCH TROOPS IN ALGERIA.

The insurrection that has broken out in the province of Oran is said to be in consequence of an old prediction that the year 1864 would be a momentous one for the Arabs—the date of the recovery of their independence.

The leader of the revolt was the great Marabout Si-Seliman-Ben-Hamza. The French believed at first that it would be checked at once, and that Si-Seliman would soon return to his allegiance. He had been invested with one of the highest dignities in Algeria, that of Fash-Agha; for in the hierarchy of the Arab chiefs, which counts 656 Caidas and thirty-four Aghas, there are but nine Caliphs and eight Bach-Aghas. Two months after being raised to that rank, Si-Seliman, who had retired for some time to the desert, returned towards the north, followed by large numbers, and by easy marches advanced on Geryville. These movements left no doubt as to his intentions. The French sent reinforcements to Geryville; a column consisting of 100 infantry, a body of 2000, and soldiers of the battalion of Africa, 100 Spahis, and a large force of regular cavalry set out from Tiarret. Colonel Beaupre, commander of the circle of Tiarret, left with the column for Geryville, with the object of maintaining tranquillity in the country he was to pass through, and punishing the emissaries of the rebel leaders, who were doing their best to raise the country. On the evening of the 7th ult he encamped about ten leagues from Geryville. A letter from a private hand gives some particulars of what followed:—

"The infantry being completely knocked up by forced and harassing marches, the guard of the camp had to be entrusted to the cavalry, their advanced posts being thrown out for more than a league round. The colonel was suffering from illness. About four o'clock in the morning of the 8th the cry 'To arms!' was heard close to the tent. Several platoons of the irregular cavalry had gone over to the insurgents. The camp was surprised and surrounded. The colonel started up from his bed in his shirt, leaped on the first horse he could lay hands on, without saddle or bridle, and made desperate efforts to join his men. Si-Seliman rushed on him, fired, and the bullet broke his left shoulder. The colonel shot him dead on the spot. We know but little of the details of the affair, but what we do know is sad indeed. The 100 infantry, the 60 Turcos, and 400 men of the African Battalion formed square under the command of Lieutenant Blancpain. The wounded colonel and Captain Isnard, head of the Bureau Arab of Tiarret, took their stand in the centre, and the fire opened. The combat lasted nearly seven hours. Not a single foot soldier was left alive, and the Algerian sharpshooters fought and died like French soldiers. The colonel was literally cut in pieces. Captain Isnard disappeared; he is said to have been tied to a horse's tail and dragged away. The Spahis either did not make so desperate a resistance, or they were more lucky. About half the squadron, with two native officers, succeeded in reaching Geryville; the rest came in later, with the loss of two French officers killed in the combat. A portion of the irregular cavalry deserted to the enemy, and this was the cause of the disaster. The others fought well, but were routed. One tribe alone lost 91 men. On the side of the French there were about 260 killed among whom were five French officers—viz., one colonel, two captains, one lieutenant, one sub-lieutenant, and a French interpreter."

A CAPITAL Writing Case for 2s. (or free by post for twenty-eight stamps), fitted with Writing paper, Envelopes, Pencases and Pens, Binding-book, &c. THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability, and cheapness. 250,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKINS and GUTTO, 25 Oxford-street, London, and all Stationers.—[Advertisement.]

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION OF PICTURES.

A REVIEW of the exhibition of the Royal Academy leaves on the mind the impression that the collection is in the main creditable to the skill, industry, and conscientiousness of the artists of whose works it consists. Splendour of imagination, grace of fancy, fertility and ingenuity of invention—these are the priceless gifts of nature, not to be acquired by any process of mental cultivation. In these respects the painter, like the poet, must be born, not made; and the number of those who are thus marvellously created will ever be inconsiderable both in poetry and painting. But thoughtful study is indispensable to excellence even in the case of the most gifted, and nothing great can be achieved in art without careful culture of the intellect. Of this culture, however, there are year by year more abundant and more conspicuous examples.

In "My Second Sermon" (13) Mr. Millais has illustrated, out of church, the proverb that "familiarity breeds contempt." The little eyes that peep at the preacher with such wide-open awe last year are closed, the lips that trembled in the words of "the first sermon" are now closed in a second. The little lady is happily asleep, in a slumber, with its hue of rusty green bairn, and her arms are crossed as angels might wait upon. If pious people don't quarrel with Mr. Millais' pet for going to sleep over, or rather under, the sermon, they will love her as much as they did last year, and they can't do more. It is almost to be regretted that Mr. Millais should have suggested comparison between his little church-goer of last year and Miss Lily Noble (570), who wears the same red cloak, and swings her trim little legs in much the same fashion, though the stockings are white instead of scarlet, and she is nursing her doll instead of listening to the parson. But who can wonder that every mamma waits her little one painted in this delightful style? In "Leisure Hours" (289) Mr. Millais has made a gorgeous piece of colour out of two little girls in crimson velvet, playing on a green carpet before a folding screen of gilded and embossed Venetian leather. All this is painted with a wonderful force and directness of brush. If we did not feel that the painter was thinking rather of giving us a feast of colour than of anything else, we might complain of a background which distracts and divides attention with the figures. Not so in the lovely little sketch of a child (Harold, son of the Dowager Countess of Winchester—135), where the pure face and sunny hair are all in all; or in "Charlie is my Darling" (118), a young lady in a riding-habit of green velvet and silver, with a white cockade in her silver-laced tricorn, drawing on her gloves, as she prepares to mount from the horse-block at the hall door, on which she stands like a Jacobite Dian on her pedestal.

We pass by Mr. Cope's pretty picture of his daughter, D. Roberts' chapel in the church of Drexelsund, and H. O. Neil's pretty group, "A Wake" (a young mother and child, which has as pretty a companion "Asleep") and Mr. George Leslie's most natural and agreeable picture—true yet in perfect taste—of a group of ladies at a canal side, one of whom is giving an apple to the child of the bargee's wife. We have only to think what such a subject would be in common hands to appreciate Mr. Leslie's hereditary freedom from vulgarity, and the nice and kindly sense of truth and character which enables him to make such a subject not only tolerable, but eminently pleasing. The background, tree, shed, and path, is charmingly painted, and altogether the young painter has here made a notable advance.

"La Gloria—A Spanish Wake," by Phillip, is the picture of this side of the East room. The dead child is lying with its crown of flowers and the reverential lamp burning beside it behind the curtain on the right of the picture. Near it sits the sorrowing mother, resisting the entreaties of the old *mayo*, and of her gossip, who urge her to swallow her mother's grief, take her tambourine, and join the merriment in the *sanctuary of the patio*, where the castanets are clicking and the guitars tinkling. The contrast between mirth and mourning is heightened by the shade and sunshine, and carries the sentiment of the subject straight to the heart.

Mr. A. Hughes's "Music Party" is at the other extremity of the scale of sentiment and of colour. The scene is Venice, and a happy young father among his children hears the artless melody of his happy home, while his fair young wife strikes her lute. Delicacy, approaching dangerously near to sickliness sometimes, is the very element in which Mr. Hughes charms and works. His colour is exquisite in refinement but prone to run riot in purple.

And now we come to Stanfield's "Mew Stone" (69), "clanged about with gulls," one of four pictures by the same veteran hand, of which two—"War" (an English frigate burning and bombarding on the French coast) and "Peace" (the same frigate rounding to among the peaceful hulks in Hamoz or Chatham)—are amongst the most impressive works of his we remember; not the less impressive, perhaps, from a visible tremulousness and timidity of touch that tells of a weakened hand. Epigrammatic even in his catalogue title, Sir Edwin Landseer, whom we welcome in renewed force this year, has christened "A Piper and a Pair of Nut-crackers" (82); a delicious group of a brace of squirrels and a ballfinch, equal for the delightfulness of consummate mastery over fur and feather and intense truth of animal character to anything he has ever painted. But he has taken a far higher flight in his "Man Proposes and God Disposes" (163), where, under the lurid light of the dawn blink and among the blocks of ice a pair of polar bears are tagging and rending at an undistinguishable heap which was once a boat and a boat's crew. One, with the hot breath puffed from its nostrils into the frosty air in the effort, is sending away the Union Jack that may have served as a shroud for some gallant heart. The other is crunching a blanched bone—no need to ask what bone; almost hidden by the snow are a note-book and a telescope, relics of Arctic exploration. This is a most originally conceived and wonderfully painted picture. Modern manner would ask for more detail in ice and sky, would insist on more making out in shattered timbers and ragged tackle and rent flag. Sir Edwin goes to the heart of the subject—animal ferocity and desolation. The ice even refuses a grave to those who braved its terrors; they are to have a living tomb in the maw of the wild beasts. After this picture we can have little relish for his mounted group watching a buck in Windsor-park (134), or even his capital sketch of the "Pensioners" (371), a brace of old hunters stirred by the sound of the horn and the music of the pack.

Mr. Elmore, not for the first time, takes us into the convent garden (10), which is a graveyard too, and shows us much comelier nuns than Mr. Millais, walking by the memorial cross, with their wreaths of *immortelle*. Of higher aim, and very vigorous in execution, is the same painter's life-size half-length called "Excelsior" (424), a youth in armour, with the evening light on his face, and the banner with its mounting motto strained to his bosom, pressing up among the walls of ice and the dwellings of the cloud, while far below him an eagle soars away among the gathering mists, and only the comest peaks are lit with the sunlight to which he strives.

The place of honour in the East room is occupied by J. F. Lewis, with a picture of marvellous detail, "The Court-yard of the Ooptic Patriarch," depicting leaders which the Budoun posts are waiting with their camels to carry into the desert. The sun-light filters through the acacia boughs, and checks the pavement, while half-light, half-shade, pigeons flutter and coo, and ducks dabble and quack, and goats nibble at bass and baa, and slave girls chatter, and the old Patriarch goes chattering on at his dictation through all. The picture is somewhat bewildering by its multiplicity—twenty pictures, let us say, in one.

From "Under the Sea,"—J. Hook (145), a party of Potlatch miners, with the wife and child, ready to welcome one of them, as red with the ore, their scarce extinguished candle-ends in their mining hats still smouldering, they get out of the iron truck in

which they have been dragged up the steep incline that leads down to that wondrous shaft, which goes down, down, who shall say how deep, or how far, under the blue sea that lashes those cliffs along whose border runs the dangerous tramway. Mr. Hook is welcome in a new field, peopled by the miners of Cornwall instead of the mariners of Devon. The former have furnished him in another subject, "Leaving Work" (445), the lads and lasses from the mine washing themselves, the wayside brooks, with the afternoon sun turning the sea silver. Another Cornish subject of Hook's is "Milk for the Brig," a boat's crew, who have come off from the fruit brig in the cilling, bound for the Straits to buy a goat. All these pictures have that unmistakable smack of nature and life which makes the distinctive charm of this painter's work, and are all the welcome as being unfamiliar. In his "Orpheus and Eurydice" (217) Mr. Leighton has been most happy in the conflicting expression in the face of the girl, in which doubt of her husband's love, amusement at her own doubt, and anxiety seem struggling for the mastery; and in his "Golden Hours" (293) there needed only the contrast of a more masculine lover with the lovely lady, whose reconstituted ear and delicate chin are turned to the spectator, to make a most delightful picture.

Lastly, let us notice, with a hearty word of praise for the most bewitching little coquette who ever fell in love with her own charms, Mr. J. C. Horsley's "New Dress," a noble old grandame to whom her pet has come to be admired in all the glory of a new silver-grey satin and red ribbons, while a sagacious hound puts a critical nose from under the table, as if he wondered what had all of a sudden made his little playfellow so conceited. Mr. Horsley has painted nothing prettier than this little daughter of Eve.

In the Middle Room the first picture to claim attention is Calderon's "Burial of Hampden" by his own Greencoats (buff-coated in the picture), who bear their leader to his grave in the humble village church, singing the 90th Psalm, as they march, with heads bare and musketons reversed, through the hushed village, and in the low light of the setting sun. Mr. Calderon has painted this impressive subject gravely and simply, with a befitting soberness of colour and simplicity of composition.

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

At length, after a month's drought, with cold nights, we have a little really seasonable weather. The last of May brought with it what may almost be termed the first April shower; so that now the least delay in getting in those crops which the late cold and dry weather had so unseasonably checked cannot again be gained. We must, therefore, refer our readers to last week's suggestions as the

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Get in additional seed of the principal vegetables, in the event of failure of those already sown. Plant globe artichokes for producing a late supply of heads. Transplant basil on a warm border in showery weather. Thin out carrots; should they appear unhealthy, sow some of the Early Horn at once. Earth up beans, and sow additional crop. Sprinkle soot or lime over beds of cabbage or broccoli seed to keep off the slug or fly. Sow additions of peas; hoe and stick advancing crops. Sow scarlet runners. Thin early crops of turnips, and plant additional Early Stone, to come into use in July and August. Thin out spinach as soon as possible after it is up, to prevent running to seed. Thin parsley; by so doing the finest curled is produced; six inches apart is close enough. A few old plants should be selected for seed.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Look closely to gooseberry and currant bushes for caterpillars or their eggs. Hand-picking is the most effective way to destroy them. Continue to disbud wall-fruit. Should the green-fly appear, syringe with tobacco-water and soap-suds.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Sow hardy annuals for late flowering. Stocks, antirrhinums, pentstemons, &c., that have been gradually hardened off to be planted where they are to bloom; as also any remaining stock of biennials or perennials. Bedding plants should be hardened off as quickly as possible. When removed from pits or frames to be placed where they can be covered at night, in case of necessity; and also to take care that they are not injured by too sudden exposure to bright sunshine. Any backward stock to be encouraged to make free growth in order to get them strong before planting out time. Give grass and walks a good rolling in showery weather. Destroy weeds; and where walks require to be regravelled, it should be done before dry weather sets in.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COTTAGER.—In preparing trenches for cucumber beds for hand-glasses, dig about one foot below the surface, laying the soil as a bank on each side, to be filled, six inches above the surface, with dung that has frequently been turned over to allow the rank steam to pass off; leaves and short grass, well mixed together, to be covered with some light soil—particularly where the hand-glasses are to stand—and the rest to be some prepared soil, mixed with a portion of what came out of the trench. The bed to be made three or four days, to allow the heat to ascend, before the soil is put on it, and then to be put on twice, about three or four inches thick at each time, with an interval of a few days between the times.

THE NEW MORGUE AT PARIS.—The new building of the Morgue, or dead-house, has just been completed behind the Cathedral of Notre Dame, between the bridge of St. Louis and that of the bishop's palace. Its figure is that of a triangle, whose base forms the front. It has three large gates, which open to a spacious hall. At the bottom, and parallel to the facade, is the room in which dead bodies are exposed to view in order that they may be claimed. This room is separated from the hall by a long window with inside curtains, which may be drawn when necessary. There are twelve tables of black marble, and the room is lighted from the ceiling. There is a plentiful supply of water, and the ventilation is perfect. There is a room for the guardians of the Morgue at the right of the entrance-hall, and an office for the registrar at the left. There are four inscriptions engraved on the walls, informing the public that there is no charge for a body claimed, and that every service rendered by the assistants is gratuitous. The object of this inscription, four times repeated, is to do away with a long existing prejudice that everybody claiming a dead body should in some cases pay 25fr. (£1), and in others 50fr. (£2). The superintending magistrate of criminal affairs found it necessary, so long back as the year 1736, to post a notice at the gate of the prison of the Chatelet, informing the public that there was no charge for a dead body claimed; but as many were unable to read at that period, the prejudice against claiming a dead body still existed. No effort has been spared to protect the health of all persons connected with this establishment. A photographic apparatus is likewise to be found there, by which the likeness of the unclaimed bodies is preserved.

TWO-SHILLING PRIZE GOLD PRESID-CASE, two and a quarter inches long, with reserve of leeds, real stone scale, and rings to a lock is to chain, free by return for twenty-six stamps. Upwards of 5500 have been already sold. Gold Lockets, for portraits, in movement, vary from 2s. 6d. to 70s. The sweetest and prettiest assortment of FINE GOLD EAR-RINGS in London, from 3s. to 70s. Albert Chains, from 25s. to £11. Ladies' Gold Chains, from 21s. to £10; a great variety from two to four guineas. Jewellery of every description. Country orders must contain Post-office order or stamps. Parker, 1, Hanway-street, Oxford-street, W.—[Advertisement.]

Thus uncoloured teas are now supplied by Messrs. Baker and Baker Tea Merchants, London, through their agents in town and country. These teas combine in flavour with lasting strength, and are more wholesome than the tea in ordinary use, hence their great demand.—[Advertisement.]

THE SHAKSPERIAN COMMEMORATION.

THE theatrical performances at Stratford went off with great spirit. Many pleasant walks and strolls through meadow and lane have been made by the visitors to that town, and there is not one which has not afforded abundant pleasure to those who have undertaken them. Among the many charming bits of English rural scenery may be mentioned the little village of Alveston, pleasantly situated on the banks of the winding Avon. There is a curious old church in the place, about which the only thing we could learn from the villagers was, that it once had a steeple. It is now disused, a larger church having been erected in 1839. The old church is a very small building, scarcely larger than that famous one near Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight, which claims to be the smallest in the country. In the walls are some curious old carved stone-work, similar in its character to the grotesque decorations of the famous St. Nicholas Church, the very curious coloured glass in the windows of which may be seen in the Byzantine Court at the City of London. There are some very ancient mural tablets in the church, and the gravestones in the churchyard show evidence of a date even prior to the time of Shakspeare. Some of the inscriptions on the old stones are very curious. Two of them, which are of comparatively modern date, may afford evidence of the extraordinary longevity of the inhabitants, and the notion that these years and ten being the ordinary limit of human life finds no favour in their sight. On the gravestone of one who died at the age of sixty-three are the words:—

"Gone in the freshness of her years,
Where God's own hand has wip'd a way all tears."

The gravestone of a woman who died at the age of eighty-three contains the following admonition:—

"Always suppose that death is nigh,
And seek to be prepared to die."

An old slab, let into the wall, records, in precise and almost legal phraseology, the death of one Mary Townsend, the wife of an attorney-at-law, who "died in 1794, aged 37, and was laid near the burying-place of the said John Townsend, after having buried in her lifetime seven of her children out of 10, who all live by her, and all died in their infancy, except Abigail, one of her daughters, and she lived to be almost 12 years of age, and was the darling of all who knew her." Other villages and places to which Shaksperian associations attach, and which form the object of exploring parties, are those which Shakspeare is said to have described, as—

"Piping Pehworth, dancing Marston,
Haunted Hillboro' hungry Grafton,
Dodging Exhall, Papist Wixford,
Beggary Broom, and drunken Bidford."

The whole affair wound up with a grand fancy dress ball. This proved a very brilliant affair, the dancers, who comprised nearly all the distinguished visitors to the festival, being seven hundred of eight hundred in number, and the galleries being crowded with spectators in evening attire. An imperative order had been issued to the effect that no person should enter the arena without fancy dress, Court dress, or uniform, and a gentle hint had been thrown out that costumes illustrative of the poet's works would be preferred. The result of this mandate was the assemblage of several striking Shaksperian characters, among whom we may specially mention a very excellent representation of Henry VIII. But there was a lack of persons sufficiently endowed with moral courage to assume grotesque figures; there were no witches, there was no Caliban, there was no Falstaff, so that altogether the particular purpose of the ball would scarcely have been detected by a spectator not previously informed. A Macbeth, dependent on his dress, is, after all, a mere Highlander; Ophelia, a young lady in white, who is careless as to the arrangement of her back-hair. Moreover, many of the more distinguished dancers appeared in uniform. Thus, Lord Leigh was dressed as Lord-Lieutenant; Mr. Flower, the Mayor of Stratford, wore his robes of office. Still, the ball was a very brilliant affair. Though the dancing commenced at about ten o'clock it lasted till past five in the morning, and then wound up with "God Save the Queen" and "Three cheers for the Mayor."

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

[From *Le Follet*.]

AFTER having been for more than a month in a state of indecision as to the fashions for the coming season, we find ourselves all at once surrounded by a prodigious number of novelties, all alike demanding notice in our columns. We must first speak of the different materials now being shown in the Paris houses. They have never been more elegant nor of greater variety. The thick corded silks, taffetas, and, indeed, the greater number of silks used for full dress, are made with a white ground and designs of wide, shaded stripes, or a very marked chevron pattern of three shades mingled; others with bouquets of various colours, imitating embroidery. Silks for less dressy occasions are in checks or fancy stripes. In the first rank of elegant materials we would mention the chine taffetas Louis XV with satin stripes; the violet ponce de soie, crossed with white moirée stripes; others in shades of brown, green, French blue, and orange glaze; and a material called junon is covered over with a pattern imitating peacock's feathers. Printed Pompadour, muslin moirée, with a white ground spotted over with field flowers, crystal lens, silk gauze, thick-corded alpaca, and herring satins are all in vogue. It is said that the basque habit will be a make very much adopted both for dresses and mantles. One noted house makes them separately, so that they can be worn with any dress; but when composed of black taffetas it should not be worn with a skin of a light colour. The white pique, braided, is preferable when worn as an at-home negligee dress. Certainly this style is most peculiarly unbecoming to short women, and indeed, it appears as a marvel if a costume so nearly resembling a gentleman's dress can ever be made anything but unbecoming; but the chroniclers of fashions tell us it is la mode, and it must be recorded.

There is no change in the make of dresses; still the narrow sleeve, and the trimmings generally placed at the bottom of the skirt instead of above the hem.

The bonnets of the present season, although much trimmed in front, are far less raised, and very narrow at the sides; the curtains almost form a hood behind. The materials most used are crêpe, rice and sewed straw, or tulle.

THE EPISCOPACY.—Of the present bishops Lord Palmerston has had the nomination of thirteen, including Peterborough, which will be filled in a day or two—namely, Canterbury, York, London, Durham, Carlisle, Ely, Gloucester and Bristol, Norwich, Peterborough, Ripon, Rochester, and Worcester. Such a circumstance, or anything like it, of one minister nominating nearly half the English episcopate was never before known in the Church of England.—*Express*.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—Dr. H. James, the refined physician, continues to mail, free of charge to all who desire it, a copy of the prescription by which his daughter was restored to perfect health from continued consumption after having been given up by her physician and despaired of by her father. Sent free to all on receipt of one stamp. Address: Dr. H. James, Secretary, No. 4, Kings-street, Covent-garden, London.—[Advertisement.]

MR. JOHN BONE, 35, St. James-place, Piccadilly, says: "Feb. 6, 1864. For a cough of thirty-three years, standing, Hall's Long-Resistor has been of more service than all the medicines I ever tried." Sold in bottles, at 1s. 11d., 2s. 9d., &c., by T. Hall, 6, Commercial-street, Shoreditch, London, N.E., and all chemists.—[Advertisement.]

MEETING OF THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS.

An important meeting took place last week at the Board of Works, Spring-gardens, at which nearly the whole of the members were present. An engraving of the meeting will be found on p. 741. The committee were called to take into consideration the correspondence between Sir George Grey, the fire insurance companies, and the Metropolitan Board relative to the Fire Brigade. The letters of Sir George Grey were to the effect that it was the wish of the Government to place the fire brigades under the control of the Metropolitan Board, and that the fire insurance companies were willing to contribute thirty per cent. towards the cost of maintaining the establishment, provided the total maximum to be paid by them did not exceed £10,000 per annum; it also being settled that the engines and appliances of the London fire brigades should be made over to the Metropolitan Board free of cost. In addition to a promised contribution from the Government, it was also proposed that a fine should be levied in all cases where chimneys, houses,

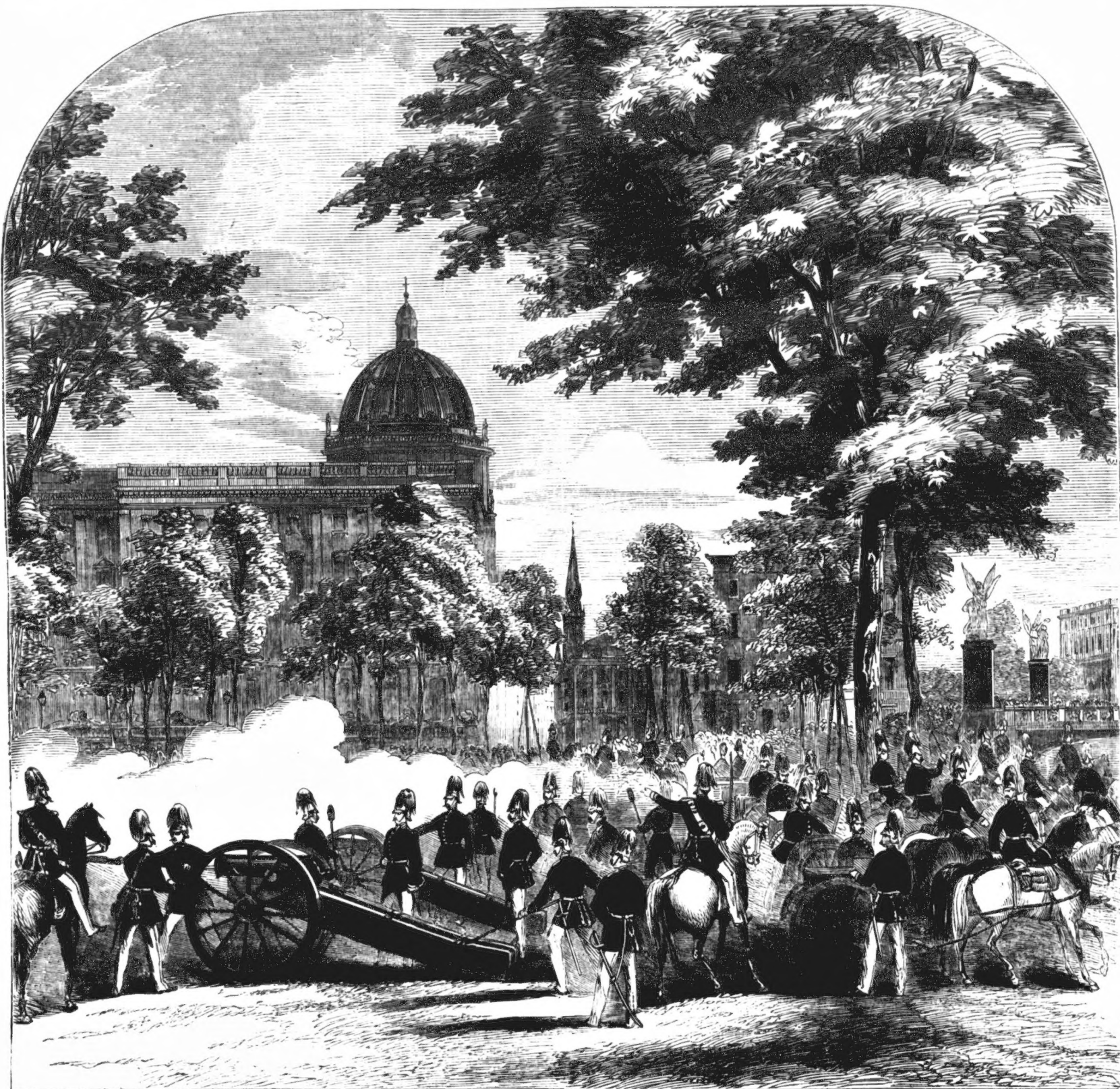
on £50,000, the contemplated cost of maintaining the new establishment, amounted to £15,000. By the amended plan, it is therefore proposed that the fire insurance companies shall contribute 80 per cent. on whatever the annual cost of maintaining the establishment shall be.

THE FALL OF DUPPEL.

THE news of the fall of Duppel was received throughout Austria and Prussia as an event worthy of being celebrated with military honours. Salutes to commemorate the victory were fired in the principal districts of both kingdoms. Our illustration below is taken from a sketch drawn on the occasion of the firing of a salute at the Lustgarten, Potsdam, in front of the Royal Castle. To the right are the Royal Schlossbrücke, with the willow-tree, made famous by German poets. Above is seen the dome of the castle, and further off the steeple of St. Peter.

We also give another illustration in connexion with the Danish war on page 741—viz., the Danish troops bivouacking the night before the fall of Duppel.

somewhat below the middle stature, Goodenough is a powerful and most determined fellow, and three of the officers who succeeded in effecting his capture were wounded, one receiving a severe wound on the head, while a piece of the flesh of another was literally bitten from his hand, and upon the prisoner's person was found a six-barrelled revolver loaded with ball and capped, which there is no doubt he would have used had he not been adroitly seized when not aware that he was in the company of a detective officer. On a previous occasion, when an attempt was made to capture him in another part of the country, he held his assailants at bay by the production of his revolver, and managed to escape. The prisoner was brought to Gosport, and has been committed for trial at the assizes on three separate charges of burglary. Although precautions were taken to prevent his escape from the lock-up in which he was confined for some days while under examination, Goodenough made the attempt to do. It appears that some years ago Goodenough was transported for burglary, and his reappearance created considerable surprise. We believe, however, that it has not yet been ascertained whether he obtained a ticket of leave or made his escape.



FIRING A SALUTE IN HONOUR OF THE VICTORY OF DUPPEL.

and other property took fire, it being contemplated that a considerable income towards the maintenance of the fire establishment would thus be raised. In cases where the parties were insured the fines would be returned to them. The existing cost of maintaining the London fire brigade in a state of efficiency was £24,000 per annum, but in consequence of extending that area or circuit to more distant metropolitan parishes, it was expected the annual cost would be £50,000, to meet which, after all deductions on account of Government contributions, fines, &c. a rate of a halfpenny in the pound would be necessary to be levied upon the parishes included in the area. After some discussion it was moved and seconded that a letter should be written to Sir George Grey, informing him the board were satisfied with the general principle of the scheme, upon which Mr. Hudson moved an amendment that the board should approve the scheme, provided the maximum of £10,000 to be contributed by the fire insurance companies was struck out of the proposed Government Bill, which was ultimately carried. Mr. Hudson pointed out that 80 per cent.

CAPTURE OF A NOTORIOUS BURGLAR.

THE police of Bristol have just succeeded in capturing one of the most daring, accomplished, and successful burglars who in history has ever been recorded. The prisoner's name is John Goodenough, who for some time past has been the terror of jewellers, silver-smiths, and pawnbrokers in the south of England. It was Goodenough whose booty was recently discovered in Windsor Forest, and it proves to be the same man who, within the last twelve months, has committed several great robberies at Alton, Emsworth, Gosport, and other places in the county of Hampshire. The prisoner has assumed various aliases from time to time, and when arrested at Bristol (by the detective police, acting upon information received from Superintendent Harvey, of the Hants county constabulary, stationed at Gosport) he was known by the name of "Captain Smith," and the furniture of his house was packed up in readiness for removal to another part of the country. Although

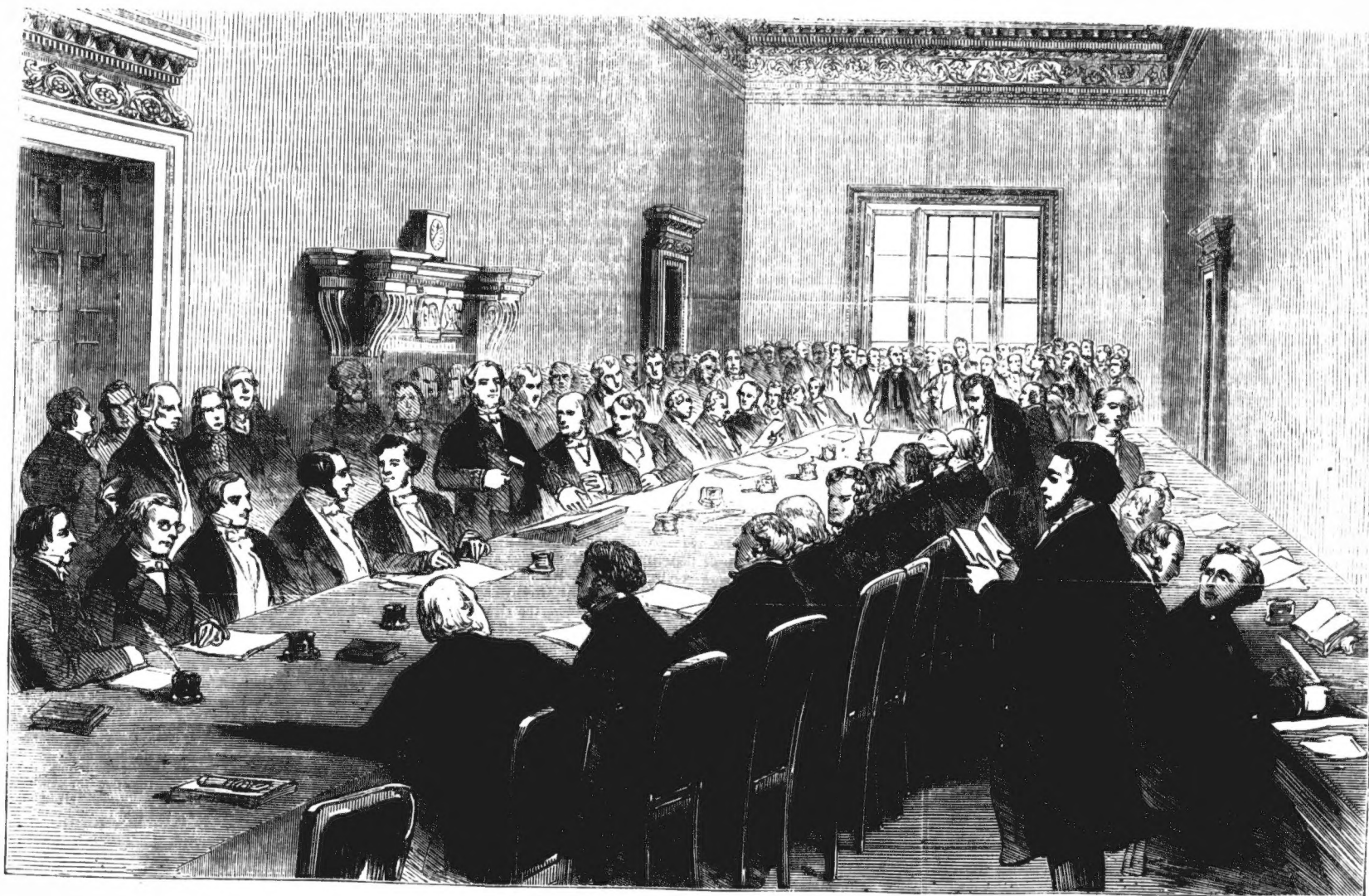
THE CHANNEL FLEET.

On Sunday morning the following vessels of the Channel fleet arrived, and anchored in the Downs:—The Edgar, 71 guns, Admiral Sydney C. Dacres and Capt. Geoffrey T. P. Herby; the Warrior, 40 guns, Capt. the Hon. Arthur A. Cochrane; the Black Prince, 41 guns, Capt. James F. B. Wainwright; the Hector, 34 guns, Capt. G. W. Freedy, C.B.; the Defence, 16 guns, Capt. Augustus Phillimore; the Tricleno, gunboat, and tender to the Edgar; and the Aurora, 35 guns, Capt. Sir F. Leopold M. Clintock, which arrived in the Downs to relieve the Buldog. It is considered probable that the ships will proceed to the Baltic, for the purpose of assisting the Danes against the Austrian fleet.

REPRESENTATION OF PEMBROKE.—Sir Hugh Owen, Bart., the present member for the Pembroke boroughs, has intimated his intention of retiring at the next general election.



BIVOUAC OF DANISH TROOPS THE NIGHT BEFORE THE FALL OF DUPPEL. (See page 740.)



MEETING OF THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS ON THE FIRE BRIGADE QUESTION. (See page 740.)

THE PEOPLE'S EDITION OF
SHAKSPEARE,
ILLUSTRATED
TWO OR THREE COMPLETE PLAYS
IN EVERY NUMBER
FOR ONE PENNY.

No. 1, published on Wednesday, April 18th, contains
"HAMLET" AND "OTHELLO,"
WITH PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPEARE, AND TWO ENGRAVINGS.
ONE PENNY THE TWO PLAYS.
A Complete Play for One Halfpenny.
No. 2, published on Wednesday, April 20th, contains
"WINTERS TALE" AND "CYMBELINE,"
WITH TWO ENGRAVINGS.
ONE PENNY THE TWO PLAYS.
No. 3, published on Wednesday, April 27th, contains
"MIDSUMMER NIGHTS DREAM," "THE TEMPEST,"
AND "KING RICHARD II."
WITH THREE ENGRAVINGS.
ONE PENNY THE THREE PLAYS.
No. 4, published on Wednesday, May 4th, contains
"KING HENRY IV," FIRST AND SECOND PARTS.
WITH TWO ENGRAVINGS.
ONE PENNY THE TWO PLAYS.
Notice.—The whole thirty-seven Plays, with Life and Portrait of the
Author, will be complete in about fifteen Penny Numbers.
Any Number sent on receipt of two Postage Stamps.
ASK FOR THE PEOPLE'S EDITION.
London: JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand, and all Booksellers.

HOGARTH'S PICTURES.

There are few persons who are unacquainted with the name of that great
Artist, who may be said to write rather than paint with the brush:
but there are very many to whom his admirable works are completely
unknown. That this class of persons should desire to have a knowledge of
these master-pieces of art is natural enough; and hence our determination to
publish the publication of a

CHEAP EDITION

WORKS OF WILLIAM HOGARTH;

to be issued in Weekly Penny Numbers and Monthly Sixpenny Parts.
Each Weekly Number will contain eight large quarto pages, two Pictures,
with descriptive letter-press from the pen of one of the most eminent
authors of the day.
The Monthly Parts will be issued in Illustrated coloured wrappers, and
may be sent free by post for an extra penny.
The work will be got up in the handsomest style, no expense being spared
to produce engravings worthy of the great originals. A fine paper will be
used; and altogether, the volume, when complete, will be a perfect
miracle of beauty and of cheapness.
OBSERVE!—On Wednesday, April 27th, Number 1 was issued in an
illustrated coloured wrapper, containing the Portrait of Hogarth, and the
first two Pictures of the Series entitled *Marriage à la Mode*, with four large
quarto pages of descriptive letter-press. Price One Penny.
In small or remote places, where a difficulty arises in obtaining cheap
publications, any intending purchaser may forward seven postage
stamps to the publisher, in order to receive the Monthly Part through the
post.
London: JOHN DICKS, No. 313, Strand.

GRAND SHAKSPEARE NUMBER

REYNOLD'S MISCELLANY.

* In Number 827 of REYNOLD'S MISCELLANY was commenced an
entirely new and Original Romance, entitled

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE;

THE YOUTH, THE LOVER, AND THE POET.

The same number also contains

SEVERAL SPLENDID ENGRAVINGS

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SHAKSPEARE ANNIVERSARY.

London: J. Dicks, 313, Strand.

DORA RIVERSDALE.

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This New and Beautiful Story was commenced in No. 74 of

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One Penny Weekly; Sixpence Monthly. Send two stamps for Specimen
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LOVE AGAINST THE WORLD,
AN ORIGINAL TALE OF THE AFFECTIONS,

Commenced in No. 76 of

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Them of Popular Illustrated Magazine of the Day. Pronounced by the
World and the Public Press to be the Marvel of Cheap Literature.
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Specimen Copy to
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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* All communications for the Editor must contain name and address
sufficiently descriptive to be returned.

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Reynold's Miscellany are sent free to any part of the United Kingdom
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quarter or an annual copy, or to receive the two newspapers through the post, may
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Strand.

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313, Strand. Persons wishing to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
NEWS from newspapers, or agents, may forward the amount for a single
number, or for a term of subscription, by money order, payable to Mr.
DICKS, or to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's
subscription is 2s. 6d. for the STAMPED EDITION. It is particularly re-
quested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent mis-
takes in the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be
notified by the journal being sent in a blue wrapper. Receipt stamps
must be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

W. O.—You must apply to the handmaster of some regiment.

T. (Norwich).—You must employ a London solicitor to make the requi-
sitive preliminary inquiries relative to the property; and for this purpose
you must furnish him with all the information in your power. You will
also have to provide funds for the first expenses, because no lawyer will
take on such a case on mere speculation.

W. D.—If you do not know any respectable London solicitor, we can recom-
mend you to apply to Mr. W. Eaden, No. 10, Gray's-in-square. He
pursues in the Chancery, the divorce, the bankruptcy, and all the other
courts.

A. S.—We do not understand the case at all; you should give fuller
details.

M. N. W.—We know nothing of the advertiser whom you name. Write to
Mr. Walker No. 8, 1st floor, 2nd St. East.

FRANKLIN.—The total cost of the dramatic *Trojan Bridge* was £601,856.

N. W.—Neither a woman nor a minor can be outlawed.

SPRING.—No candidate can be admitted into the Royal Military College
who labours under any difficulty of articulation, or under any other bodily
or organic defect, which may appear to disqualify him for her Majesty's
service.

H. S.—Kent is the oldest and principal kingdom of the Heptarchy. It is
still represented by the *Henget*, or white horse, in allusion to the name of
Hengist, who led the Saxons into Britain.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES.		H. W. L. B.	
D.	S.	A. M. P. M.	
7	S	Savings' Banks instituted, 1815	2 40 3 0
8	S	Sunday after Ascension Day	3 22 3 40
9	M	Easter Term ends	4 0 4 20
10	T	"Stonewall Jackson" died, 1863	4 39 4 59
11	W	Massacre at Delhi, 1857	5 20 5 38
12	T	Sir C. Barry died, 1860	5 59 6 22
13	F	Cambridge Term divides	6 45 7 10

MORNING. AFTERNOON.
Deut. 12; St. Matt. 6. Deut. 13; Romans 7.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1864.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD

The present prospects of the Confederates in this fourth year of
the civil war are certainly brighter than they ever were before.
In the South-West the Federal expeditions have everywhere mis-
carried, and one considerable victory has been added to the military
achievements of the South. The recent battle in Louisiana is ad-
mitted to have cost the Northerners at least 2,000 men, besides the
whole of their artillery, and nearly the whole of their train. In
Mississippi a combat on a smaller scale ended also in a defeat of the
Federals, with a loss of several hundred prisoners. In Tennessee
the progress of the Confederates, if less decisive, has been
still more remarkable. There they have regained some of their old
positions, and, for the first time in the history of this contest, have
recovered lost ground. Mr. Seward used to delight in telling us
that if the advance of the Federals had been slow, it was at any
rate sure, and that the arms of the North had never receded from
territory once occupied. But this boast must now be omitted from
his diplomatic circulars. The control of the Mississippi is again in
Southern hands. General Forrest has captured Fort Pillow, and
is threatening Memphis, nor is it supposed in New York that
the worst has yet been heard of the designs of this enterprising
commander. In the meantime, while the fortune of the war has
thus been running against the North in remoter districts,
the critical hour is fast approaching in Virginia. The
roads have become passable with the brightening weather; General
Grant has proclaimed aloud his resolution of advancing, and in a
few days he must either recall his words or measure his strength
against a most formidable enemy on fields hitherto fatal to the
Federal arms. Of the Confederate preparations in these quarters
we hear, as usual, but little. That the Southern armies, however,
will be found ready for battle we may be perfectly sure; that they
must have been inspired by the recent successes of their comrades
is equally certain; and it was reported in New York that the Con-
federates were confident of their ability not only to repel Grant, but
to make him pay dearly for his invasion.

A PARLIAMENTARY paper of singular, if not of unexampled,
character was published two or three days since by order of the
House of Commons. By it we learn that the condition of Green-
wich Hospital is such as to afford little satisfaction to the inquirer.
The summer visitors to the Frafalgar or the Ship are gratified by
the sight of Wren's noble pile, and may fondly picture to them-
selves the pleasures of a contemplative old age recalling the labours
of manhood as it watches from the river terrace or the slopes of
the park the gallant ships passing up and down the royal river.
Nothing can be prettier than the notion of a college where the
wounded and aged sailors who have spent their prime in the ser-
vice and defence of their country may pass their few remaining
days free from a miserable anxiety about the means of existence.
In practice nothing can be more demoralizing. The pensioners are
shut out from every occupation and every interest. They are under
no necessity of working, if, indeed, where so many are congregated
together, they had any chance of obtaining such employment as
they are capable of; their food and clothing are provided for them
according to an invariable order, and they are denied the usual re-
sources of the idle of choosing what they shall eat and drink, and
wherewith they shall be clothed. Reading is an occupation for
which neither their education nor their previous habits have fitted
them. They have the resource of tobacco; but there are natures which
even the pleasures of tobacco fail to satisfy; and by far the greater
number of the pensioners are, or profess themselves to be, unmarried.
It is not surprising that the beer-shops and the worse dens with
which Greenwich is infested should be resorted to by them in quest
of the excitement which they cannot find in their proper life. The
experiment of collecting together a number of men in a sort of
monastic establishment is always perilous. Success is only possible
when, as in the ancient universities, the men are highly educated,
and adopt this mode of life for a time as a preparation for other
avocations elsewhere. Even then the result is not wholly satis-
factory; at a place like Greenwich, where fifteen or sixteen
hundred sailors who have spent their lives in active service are
gathered together, it must necessarily be a failure. We have no
doubt that the best reform that could be effected at Greenwich
would be the abolition of the hospital altogether. Were the estab-
lishment broken up, the pensioners relegated to their own neigh-
bourhoods, and paid one-half of the sum now spent upon them,
the objects of the charity would be better accomplished than they
are at present. The pensioners would find among their friends and
relations and in the management of their little income the occupa-
tion and interest they now lack, and it would be easy, by a peri-
odical supervision and by proper checks on the payment of the pen-
sion, to guard them against the consequences of their own improvi-
dence. It is not a slight consideration that, scattered as they
would be among our seaport towns, every pensioner would be a
visible argument addressed to the rising generation in favour of
entering the naval service. Nor need Wren's stately building be
dissevered from its past associations. The sick sailor, languishing
in the Dreadnought, and dreaming of green fields, might find at
Greenwich the light, air, and space which are such potent helps to
convalescence. There can be no question about the advantages of
the change from the Dreadnought, and the conversion of Green-

wich into a hospital in the modern sense of that word, open to sea-
men of all services, would be not only a good thing in itself, but a
fitting acknowledgement of the forced contributions towards its
support to which the merchant navy was for a century and a half
subject without receiving any corresponding advantage.

MEMOIR OF MEYERBEER.

GIACOMO MEYERBEER, the musical composer, recently deceased in
Paris, was born at Berlin in 1794. His father, James Beer, a rich
Jew banker, gave him an excellent education, and his musical
talents developed themselves so early, that at seven years of age he
played the pianoforte at concerts. When fifteen, he commenced
his great musical studies. The Abbe Vogler, one of the greatest
organists of Germany, had at this time opened a school of music at
Darmstadt, into which only the rarest talent was received for
cultivation. Here Meyerbeer had for fellow-pupils Gaus-
barber, chapel master at Vienna, C. Maria von Weber, and
Godefrey de Heber. Each morning the pupils met
in the drawing-room of the professor, who gave to every one a
theme, which was to be accomplished in the course of the day; one day
it was a psalm, another an ode, and on the third a lyric. In this
evening Vogler again met the pupils, when the pieces were exe-
cuted. Two years after the commencement of Meyerbeer's residence
with Vogler the latter closed his school, and the two travelled in
Germany during a year. At Munich, under Vogler's auspices,
Meyerbeer produced his first work, "Jephtha's Daughter;" he was
then eighteen years of age. Vogler now drew up, with amusing
self-complacency, a brevet or *meistro*, to which he added, with the
same plea, his blessing, gave both to Meyerbeer, and bade him
adieu. At this time the Italian style was in high favour at Vienna;
Meyerbeer wrote his "Two Caliphs" at the request of the
Court, and neglecting the prevailing taste, failed of success. He
then took the advice of Salieri, author of "Tarare," who
comforted him by the assurance that he had evinced true
musical genius in his last composition, and pressed him to visit
Italy. Here his tastes became modified under the influence
of a beautiful climate, and he was charmed with the Italian style.
In this style he wrote his first great opera, the "Crociato in Egitto,"
which established his fame. From this time he commenced a series
of works which have achieved the highest success. A list of his
numerous compositions would exceed our limits. His "Robert le
Diable," the "Huguenots," the "Prophete," and the "Etoile du
Nord," are known all over Europe. Besides his operas he has
written a "Stabat," a "Miserere," a "Te Deum," twelve psalms,
several cantatas, an oratorio, and a great number of melodies to
Italian, French, and German words. In 1842 he was named chapel
master to the King of Prussia. He was also a member of the
Academy of Fine Arts at Berlin, an Associate of the Institute, and
an officer of the Legion of Honour.

BAINES'S MARRIAGE PORTION OF £100.

MAY DAY this year falling upon Sunday, the interesting proceed-
ings in connection with this charity were postponed until Monday
morning, according to custom.

The distinguishing feature of this remarkable bequest, and which
is perhaps without a rival either in this or any other part of the
civilized world, is the parental watchfulness it extends over the
female from youth to womanhood, and the reward it offers to
virtuous industry by the munificent gift of a marriage portion of
100l. to those young women who, having received the required
education in the schools of the charity, and attained the age of
twenty-two years, "shall, by the masters or mistresses whom they
have served, be best recommended for their piety and industry."
The charity, which comprises two establishments, was founded
by Mr. Henry Baines, a brewer in the parish of St. George
in-the-East, Middlesex, who, in 1719, commenced the good work
by erecting in a place now called Charles-street, Old Gravel-lane,
in that parish, what are called the "Lower School," for the edu-
cation of fifty boys and fifty girls. In 1736 the benevolent donor
extended the charity by the erection and endowment of a new
school called "The Asylum," in which building forty of the girls
chosen from the more deserving of those who had been taught in
the Lower School, and who have continued in it two years, are
"wholly clothed, maintained, and educated." Ten are elected into
it annually, and after having been there four years, during the last
of which they are instructed in the duties of domestic servants,
they go out to service; and at the age of twenty-two are entitled,
on the production of satisfactory testimonials, to become candidates
for the marriage portion of £100, the "drawing" for which, in the
large room of the asylum, and in the presence of all the girls of the
establishment, is a very interesting, and, indeed, exciting scene.

On Monday, though the weather was dull, considerable interest
and cheerfulness manifested itself in the dingy neighbourhood of
the parish of St. George. From an early hour the line of church
bells rang out merry peals, the Royal Standard of England was
raised upon the lofty tower, and between nine and ten o'clock the
marriage of the successful candidate at the last drawing, Emma
Harmer to John Maurice Stevens, her approved suitor (the trustees
having sanctioned her choice), took place. Divine service followed,
the whole of the trustees and the 140 children in new clothing being
in attendance. The sermon was preached by the rector of the
parish, the Rev. John Lockhart Ross, M.A. Upon the return of the
children and the trustees to the asylum, the drawing for 100l. for
the next occasion took place, there being three eligible candidates.
After that ceremony was over the bride and bridegroom, with their
friends, were entertained in the matron's room at the asylum, and
in the evening after the trustees and friends of the charity had
dined, the happy couple who were married in the morning had
handed over to them by the treasurer, in a silken bag, 100 sove-
reigns, arising from "the beneficence of the pious founder," amidst
the singing of odes and choruses of a quaint character in praise
of the donor, and "thankfulness to heaven for thus disposing his
heart to such an act of noble charity."

OUR EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE.—The *Isle of Wight Times*, speaking
of the Tercentenary, says:—"Among the many efforts made to
mark this particular era, and to extend the knowledge of the poet's
works, if not the most pretentious, certainly one of the most useful
and astonishing, is the publication of a new edition of the plays of
Shakspeare by Mr. Dicks, well printed, and generally well got up—
two plays for a penny, or ONE HALF-PENNY EACH. We trust the
sale will number tens of thousands; if it falls short of this it will
prove a losing speculation for the spirited publisher." We are happy
to be able to announce that the sale has indeed reached many tens
of thousands, and is already far above a hundred thousand.

THE LATE TRAGEDY AT CANTERBURY.—Within the last day or
two a flattened bullet has been extracted from the neck of the girl
Esther Oullen, who was shot by her sweetheart, a man named Hor-
ton, at the house of Mr. Bigden, in whose service she was living as
domestic servant at Canterbury, on the 27th of March, the would-
be murderer afterwards committing suicide by shooting himself and
cutting his throat. It will be remembered that at the inquest the
superintendent of the police gave evidence to the effect that, in his
opinion, no ball had been discharged from either of the pistols found
in the room where the tragedy was enacted, but that the bullets had
dropped out, and that the injuries merely resulted from the dis-
charge of the powder. This, however, turns out to be incorrect.
The girl is slowly recovering from the effects of the shock.

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domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Prospectus free. Whit-
and Mann, 143, Holborn Bars. Manufacturer, Ipswich.—[Advertisement.]

General News.

A FEARFUL murder has been perpetrated in Glin, in the county of Limerick. The victim was a member of the constabulary force, named Wright, and the perpetrator of the deed his own wife. On a rumour reaching the police of what had taken place, they immediately proceeded to Wright's residence, but had to force open the door, which was securely locked. The scene that presented itself on their doing so no doubt startled them. The deceased was lying on his left side in a pool of blood, with his skull smashed in, and one of his ears cut off. The wife was coolly standing near the door. She was taken into custody and received the usual caution "not to say anything." However, an intelligent little boy, son of the deceased, told the constable that his mother had knocked his father down with a blow of a big stone, and, when down, struck him again. On being asked where the stone was he pointed to a turf hole, where it was found covered with blood. It weighed about thirty pounds. It is thought that the unfortunate woman is not sane.

A LETTER from Corfu of the 15th in the *Malta Times* announces that old Signor Dandolo, the great Ionian agitator, is dead, and has been buried in great state. Only a fortnight before his death he had published a rather scurrilous pamphlet, addressed to Earl Russell, abusing him and English diplomacy. It is worthy of notice that old Dandolo was at one time the most active and ardent agitator for the cessation of British rule in the islands, and as soon as it was decided that British protection should cease he turned on his supporters and the Unionists with fury. All the well-to-do inhabitants of Corfu lament the departure of the English.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *New York Observer* suggests the introduction of invalid pews in churches, in which those too feeble to sit up might recline, without attracting notice, and participate in the services.

ONE of the members of the Japanese embassy has just died at Marseilles. The ambassador, on receiving information of this incident, sent instructions that the hair of the deceased should be cut off and brought to Paris; that no priest should accompany the funeral, and an ordinary coffin should be used, and be enveloped in white linen before inhumation. They also ordered the ground for the tomb to be purchased in perpetuity, and announced their intention of shortly forwarding the model of a mausoleum to be erected.

A CORLENTZ letter in the *Post-Ampt Gazette* states that the royal chateau of Stolzenfels was broken into one night last week, when the thieves carried off the sword presented to the Emperor Napoleon I. by the city of Paris, on the occasion of the birth of the King of Rome. This relic was found by the Prussians in the imperial carriage after the battle of Waterloo. A sabre which formerly belonged to Murat, King of Naples, was also stolen. The hilts and scabbards of the two arms were of pure gold, and richly ornamented with precious stones. The two blades have since been found, which fact seems to show that the robbery was committed for the intrinsic value of the ornaments only.

SIR THOMAS TUDKIN FITZGERALD, third baronet of the name, has just committed suicide by drowning himself in the river Suir, near his residence of Lisheen, co. Tipperary. The unfortunate gentleman had come to Dublin with the hope of raising funds to meet certain pressing pecuniary demands, and, disappointed in his expectations, he wrote a most desponding letter to a personal friend, indicating that he had no further desire to live. He returned to his family seat in great distress of mind, and wandered alone for hours together about the plantations. As he did not return at the usual time, the family became alarmed, and their apprehensions were further increased by the unexpected arrival of the friend to whom he had written. Immediate search was made, and the river dragged, when the body of the unhappy baronet was brought up. He was a gentleman of commanding appearance, and in the prime of life, having been born in 1820.

THE *Levant Herald* of the 12th says:—"The new yacht *Talia*, built in England for the Sultan, has already been put upon her mettle in Turkish waters. The Sultan left with her on a pleasure-trip in the course of the week, touching at various places, and extending his trip as far as Tenedos and the Archipelago. The *Talia* had three other steamers in her company, and it was a matter of general remark on their departure from the Bosphorus, with what swift grace the new yacht glided away into the Sea of Marmara leaving her companions far distanced in the rear. On Saturday his Majesty anchored at the Dardanelles, and remained there all night, the whole place being illuminated in honour of his visit; and on Sunday morning he steamed away for Tenedos. His Majesty returned yesterday to Dolma-Baghiche. The great speed and ease of motion of the new yacht have realised the most sanguine expectations. She is the swiftest steamer in existence. The beauty of her lines would enrapture a shipbuilder, and her rich internal fittings are possibly too ornate and luxurious for a vessel destined occasionally to battle with a rough sea. As many exaggerated estimates are current of the cost of this latest and most beautiful specimen of steam-craft, we may mention that the sum of £55,000 covers the entire outlay."

THE subscriptions towards the restoration of Salisbury Cathedral amount up to the present time to upwards of £10,000. The estimated cost of the proposed works is £40,000.

THE Prince of Wales has headed the subscription for rescuing Lord's Cricket-ground from the hands of the builder with a donation of 100 guineas. This liberal act was communicated by Lieutenant-General Knollys to Mr. R. A. Fitzgerald, the hon. sec. of the Marylebone Cricket Club, in a letter expressing the interest of his royal highness in the national sport. The total sum required to be raised before the 1st of June is £12,500.

THE command at Otham, shortly to be vacated by Major-General Eyre, will be filled by Major-General Sir Robert Walpole, K.C.B., now commanding the garrison at Gibraltar. It is understood that Sir Robert Walpole's health rendered it necessary for him to seek a transfer from abroad to the home establishment. He is fortunate in finding a hole to drop into, be it round or square.

It is impertinent to inquire if our Government is good enough to direct any one's attention to "torpedoes?" We are serious. The United States' sloop-of-war *Houssatonic* has been blown up and destroyed by one of these contrivances. The fine steam-frigate *Minnesota* has had a most narrow escape from utter destruction with all on board by similar agency. So it is a real, practical, and very terrible agency in war, and it is set at work by those poor Confederates, who have little to aid their ingenuity in mechanical appliances.—*Army and Navy Gazette*.

THE BATTLE OF LEWES.—A committee of the inhabitants of Lewes has been organized to adopt measures for celebrating the 600th anniversary of the battle fought at Lewes, in 1264, between Henry the Third and the Barons, which resulted in the triumph of constitutional liberty and the permanent establishment of representative government. The volunteers of the district will be invited to a dinner at the County Hall on May 14th.

A YOUNG LADY was much puzzled the other day to know what a friend purposed to give her at her wedding, who told her that she designed giving her a companion who would always be in a good temper, a friend who would be constant, an uncomplaining and diligent servant, an ornament to the household, a "discourser of sweet music," and one who, although a ways-priest, would never be in the way. To her astonishment and delight it proved to be a Wheeler and Wilson Lock-Stitch Sewing Machine, which her friend had purchased at 139, Regent-street, and which she finds to be all she promised, and that it pleases her husband nearly as much as herself.—[Advertisement.]

THE WAR IN AMERICA.

A SEVERE engagement occurred between the advance of General Banks's army and the Confederates at Pleasant-hill, beyond Grand Ecore, Louisiana. The Federal cavalry in front were routed, causing a demoralised retreat of the infantry in the rear. The 19th Army Corps of 7,000 then advanced, checking the Confederate progress.

A New York letter of April 16th says:—"There was horrible news last evening from Tennessee. The Confederate general Forrest, with some five or six thousand cavalry, or rather mounted infantry, for they are cavalry only in the fact that they rode on horseback, has for the last ten days been allowed to roam up and down the district between the Tennessee River and the Mississippi, plundering and burning, hanging Unionists, and carrying off negroes, and attacking small parties of Federals. A week ago he pushed up as far as Paducah, plundered the town and assaulted the fort, but was repulsed with heavy loss. He next turned his attention to Columbus, but the garrison there was too strong to be meddled with, so he pushed down the Mississippi, and attacked an earthwork, known as Fort Pillow, about seventy miles above Memphis, on Tuesday morning last, the garrison was small, not over 600—250 whites and 350 blacks—but determined to hold the place. After a cannonade which lasted all day, with little or no damage to the Federals. The place was stormed in a rush in the afternoon, and there then followed a scene, such as has not been witnessed in this war since Quantrell's sack of Lawrence. A large portion of the garrison consisted of negro troops, and they and the whites were butchered indiscriminately in cold blood. Out of the 600, only 200 remain alive, and of these, of course, a large proportion are wounded. The hospital was burned, and the sick and wounded either killed or driven out. The Confederates went over the ground after the slaughter was over, and killed the coloured wounded as they lay, or buried them alive. Of the 350 negro troops who were in the place, only fifty-six survive, and not one of their officers has escaped massacre. When the first despatch with this news was received last evening, I was inclined to set it down as an exaggeration; but the additional details which have been received this morning unhappily place it beyond doubt. A Federal transport on her way up the river reached the place soon after the fight was over, and was stopped under a flag of truce, to bring up the survivors. The Confederate General Calhoun went on board, and said he was sorry for the carnage, but that it was right, and was in accordance with the policy of his Government. He added that the whites would have been spared if they had not been found serving with the negroes. Amongst the killed were a few women and children, and several civilians, who had taken refuge in the fort before the attack."

President Lincoln has made a speech at Baltimore, stating that, if the reports concerning the murdering of negroes at Fort Pillow were confirmed, he should retaliate; but he asked if it would be right to take the lives of individuals, or only one man; therefore it would be necessary to determine upon the form of retaliation.

PUBLIC FUNERALS IN COPENHAGEN.

A LETTER from Copenhagen of April 28 has the following:—"I once had the honour to meet a great Italian exile who had just returned to his country after long years of absence. I asked him, I recollect, about his future plans, and whether he intended to take up his home in the land of his birth. 'No,' he answered; 'I want to get away as soon as possible, for on my return I see nothing but graves on every side.' So, I think, a Danish soldier, coming back to Copenhagen at this moment, might well hurry away again, saying that he also saw nothing but coffins here. Every day witnesses the burial of soldiers who have fallen in the war, and the sight of the long sad processions marching through the dull, quiet streets has become so common a one, that it attracts but little notice. Sir Walter Scott's father, whose great delight was to attend funerals as an amateur mourner, would have been in his element at Copenhagen. For my own part, I cannot work upon my feelings so as to get affected about the death of individuals whose very names were unknown to me. I see that other foreigners, who know, if possible, less about the dead than I do myself, are affected at these ceremonies even to tears; so I suppose the absence of emotion is some defect in my moral nature. An American gentleman who was present at one of the recent public funerals in Copenhagen, remarked to a friend of mine that 'when he saw people crying, he did feel somehow as if he belonged to another congregation;' and in this respect I agree with his sentiments. As a rule, therefore, I keep away from spectacles of this kind, and yesterday I contented myself with seeing the great procession, which accompanied the bodies of the officers fallen at Duppel to the grave, defile past the windows of a house where I had obtained standing room, without following it to the cemetery. I do not know that I missed much by so doing, except that I should wish to have witnessed the scene which concluded it. The King, as I think I mentioned to you, walked at the head of the procession, close behind the flower-clad coffins, bowing slowly from time to time in answer to the silent salutations which greeted him along his path. After the coffins were lowered into their graves, he spoke a few words of sympathy to the chief mourners who followed the different hearse, and then was about to leave, when he caught sight of a poor woman in deep mourning standing by a common soldier's grave, and weeping bitterly. He turned round at once, left his suite, took the woman, after the German fashion, by both her hands, held them in his, and asked her name kindly, while the tears poured down his own cheeks. There could be no doubt about the genuineness of his emotion, and the dense crowd which surrounded the place of burial made way at once for the King, and greeted him, as he passed out, with a respectful silence, more eloquent, I think, than any cheers. His Majesty looked worn, sad, and prematurely aged; and all who came into contact with him tell me that the events of the war have agitated him deeply. At his accession he was not popular in Copenhagen. The faults of Frederick VIII were of a nature which a people pardons easily; and his merits were of the class to be valued, perhaps, before their real value. Christian IX is not a soldier-king like his predecessor, but not the rough simple frankness of manner which made Frederick VIII in very truth, and not in courtly phrase, the 'well-beloved' of his subjects; and, above all, he was more than half a German in the eyes of the people who had accepted him reluctantly as their sovereign. But, during the troubled months of his sad reign, the conviction seems gradually to have forced itself upon the Danes that he is faithful and honest, at any rate, to the cause of Denmark, and that he has made their country, their fortunes, and their cause his own. The community of calamity has already endeared him to the Danes; and I believe his hold upon the nation is stronger now than when he first ascended the throne of Denmark."

THE Lord Mayor continues to receive letters and telegrams from various parts of Italy expressive of the most profound gratitude for the enthusiastic reception of General Garibaldi by the English people. The latest are from the municipality of Santa Maria Capua, and the Society of Operatives and Artists in the city of Varese.

GROVER AUGUSTUS SALLA's new work, "Fishes Done with a Quill," has a very powerful rival in Dr. Lowe's "Library Photographer, or, Secret-Life Pictures." A pocket treatise on nervous and tropical diseases, sea, in youth, madness, and age. It is the very best work we have ever seen on the subject. It is sent, post free, enclosed, for six stamps, from the Author, Strand Museum, London.—[Advertisement.]

THE EXECUTION OF DEVINE.

ON Monday morning, at eight o'clock, John Devine, aged twenty-one, described as a labourer, was executed in front of the Old Bailey, having been convicted at the last sitting of the Central Criminal Court of the wilful murder of a builder and scaffold erector, named Joseph Duck, in Little Chesterfield-street, on the night of the 19th of March last. The circumstances attending the commission of the crime have been so recently reported that they must be fresh in the minds of our readers.

The usual preparations were made in the vicinity of Newgate, but beyond the blocking up of the streets leading to the prison there was nothing to indicate that an execution was about to take place, if we except the preparation of the scaffold and the presence during the night of a small number of men and women of the most degraded class. It rained heavily during the night, and to this no doubt may be attributed the paucity of visitors to view the preparations. A striking contrast was presented to the large crowd that attended to witness the execution of the pirates a short time since. A few stragglers, ensconced in the doorways, watched the erection of the scaffold and the other preparations for the execution, but up to six o'clock scarcely 200 persons were to be seen in the vicinity of Newgate. After that hour, however, the crowd began to increase, and shortly before eight o'clock a large number of persons were in attendance, but far less than usually attend executions at the Old Bailey. The fatal beam differed in appearance from when last seen; instead of five, only a single chain was suspended from it, and there was an absence of all that excitement which marked the execution of the men who suffered for their crimes on board the Flowery Land.

The culprit appeared to have become quite reconciled to his fate, and had obtained a calmness which was hardly to be expected of him from his previous conduct. From the time he was sentenced until the Wednesday he was crying, and when questioned declared his innocence. On Tuesday week, however, an answer came from the Home Office, stating that there was no hope of a reprieve, and from that time he made up his mind that he should die. On the Wednesday he sent for the sheriffs, and confessed to them his guilt in the transaction. Mr. Sheriff Cave asked him whether there was not a little share of revenge mixed up in it on account of the deceased refusing to subscribe to the collection for him, and reviling him as a lazy fellow, to which he replied that there was. The Rev. J. Davis, the ordinary of Newgate, says the wretched man prayed with great fervency, and he believes was thoroughly repentant. On Sunday night he went to sleep about eleven o'clock, and slept soundly till half-past four on Monday morning, when he arose, and having breakfasted was for a considerable time engaged in prayer. He expressed his grateful thanks to Mr. Jonas, the governor of Newgate, for the kindness he had shown him.

Shortly before eight o'clock, Messrs. Nissen and Cave, the sheriffs, and Messrs. Gammon and Nicholson, the under-sheriffs, arrived at the gaol, where they were received by Mr. Jonas, the Rev. J. Davis, and Mr. Gibson, surgeon to the prison. As the fatal hour approached, the sheriffs, under-sheriffs, and other officers proceeded to the press room, where the prisoner was brought to be pinioned. He walked by the side of a warder, with great firmness and composure, but with a melancholy expression of countenance. While he stood waiting to be pinioned, he called Mr. Sheriff Cave to him, and said that he desired to express his deep gratitude to the sheriffs and under-sheriffs for the many acts of kindness they had shown him. Mr. Sheriff Cave asked him how he felt, and remarked that he appeared to be in a better state of mind than formerly. He replied that he felt very happy, for he felt that his sins would be forgiven. Mr. Sheriff Cave asked him what made him think so, and he replied that he did not know, but he felt it in his heart. Mr. Sheriff Cave then said, "Do you feel that it is the blood of Jesus Christ that has washed away your sins?" and he answered, "Yes, that is it." Calcraft then proceeded to pinion the prisoner, who turned pale, and breathed short and hard while he was undergoing the operation. This trying ordeal being over, Mr. Sheriff Cave asked the culprit if he required anything, but he said, "No." He then walked to the scaffold, preceded by the Rev. J. Davis, reading the burial service. He ascended the scaffold with firmness and placed himself under the beam. When Calcraft put the cap over his face and the cord round his neck. All being ready, the doomed man was heard to utter a fervent prayer to heaven for forgiveness, and in a few seconds the bolt was withdrawn and he was launched into eternity. He did not appear to suffer much, but for some minutes there was a spasmodic action in the body. At nine o'clock the corpse was cut down, and in the course of the day buried in the precincts of the prison. It is believed that the drop broke the neck, but that is at all events not always the case. Dr. Gibson examined the body, and found that the neck was not broken.

Since the unhappy man was condemned to death the sheriffs have had applications made to them for permission to take a cast of his head, a request which they have courteously declined. They had previously refused to allow casts to be taken of the heads of the five pirates concerned in the murders on board the Flowery Land, and therefore could not consent on the present occasion.

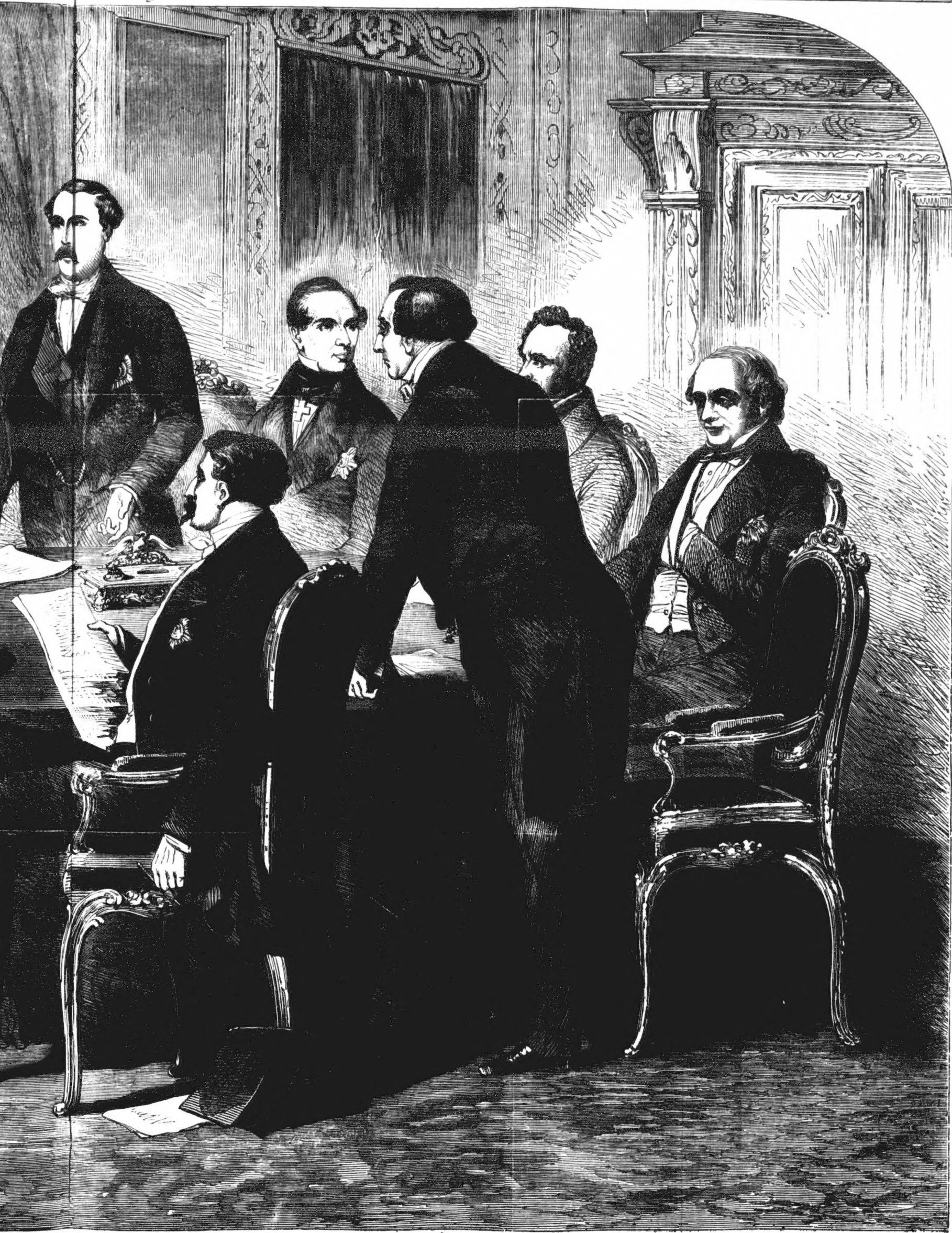
AN ATROCIOUS MURDER.

THE *Presse* relates one of the most atrocious cases of murder that has occurred in France for a long time past. The crime was committed about a week ago, at the village of Tolquener, in a remote part of Brittany. The victim was a kind of minstrel in humble life, who used to travel from village to village, knock at a cottage door, and, in exchange for his bed and supper, relate some stories for the amusement of his hosts. He appears to have derived his store of narratives chiefly from a French version of the Newgate Calendar, a selection which proved unfortunate for him. On the night in question he had been hospitably received by Turnier, a farmer, and his wife, and after supper he gave a romantic account of a man murdering his father-in-law, and burning the body in his oven. The story seems to have been unacceptable to Turnier—a quarrel arose, but the men were separated. The wandering minstrel went to sleep in the stable. At two in the morning he was awakened by Turnier, who carried a gun. The wife was standing by, holding a candle. Turnier quickly told him, "Look you, I must kill you. Would you prefer being shot, or strangled?" Then, turning to his wife, he bade her seize the candle so that he might see, and shot the old man through the chest. He then shouldered the corpse, and tossed it into a river which flows at a convenient distance from the house. He was arrested, and gave the above account of the murder, and subsequently strangled himself in jail. The murder is described in the local papers under the head of "Pastoral Life in the Western Districts."

PRIZE DESIGNS.—"Undoubtedly, however, the finest show in this respect is made by Benzon, who offered prizes for designs for watch-cases at the South Kensington Museum, and who by this means has secured some of the most exquisite ornamental details for watch-cases that are shown in the building."—*Times* May 7, 1892. Chronometer, duplex, lever, horizontal, repeater, centre seconds, keyless, split seconds, and every description of watch, adapted to all climates. Benzon's illustrated pamphlet on watches (free by post for two stamps) contains a short history of watchmaking, with a price, from three to 200 guineas each. It acts as a guide in the purchase of a watch, and enables those who live in any part of the world to select a watch, and have it sent safe by post. Prize medal and honourable mention, classes 23 and 16. J. W. Benzon, 23 and 24, Ludgate-hill, London. Established 1749. Watch and clock maker by special warrant of appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.—[Advertisement.]



THE CONFERENCE.—THE FLINTSTONES DISCUSSING THE QUESTION OF AN



DISCUSSING THE QUESTION OF AN ARMISTICE. (See page 738.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—"Le Prophete" was given here on Saturday evening for the first time this season, the cast being the John of Leyden of Signor Wechtel and the Fides of Mdile. Destina. The performance of the German tenor calls into question whether John of Leyden is not a character wholly beyond his scope. The Fides of Mdile. Destina has afforded additional proof that she is a thorough artist, both as an actress and as a singer; but the part severely taxed her powers, though such shortcomings as it was impossible to ignore were atoned for by her genuine dramatic power and excellent vocal style. The rest of the cast remained unchanged—with the exception of the substitution of Signor Capponi for M. Ziger. We must reiterate the tribute we have often paid to the gorgeousness and beauty of the *mise en scene*—the picturesque perfection of the skating ballet, the incomparable grandeur and life-like reality of the cathedral scene, and all the familiar triumphs which have made the announcement of the performance of this opera a sure means of drawing together such a crowded and brilliant audience as assembled here on Saturday evening. This (Saturday) evening the performance of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" will give London an opportunity of welcoming back its most cherished operatic idol, Mdile. Adeline Patti.

HAYMARKET.—A crowded audience assembled here on Saturday evening, to witness the production of "David Garrick," founded on a French version of a piece called "Sullivan," by Mr. T. W. Robinson. The period of the story, as now presented, is assigned to the year 1742, when Garrick, at the age of twenty-five, was playing at Goodman's Fields. Among the many admirers of his talent is Ada Ingot, the daughter of a wealthy London merchant. Since her last visit to the theatre the fascinated girl has regarded Romeo as her ideal of what a lover should be. It has been the wish of her father that she should become the wife of her cousin, a sporting squire, but suspecting the cause of her constant perusal of the poet being an adoration of the actor, he sends for Garrick, to ask him to quench the fiery passion he has inspired. The actor obeys the summons, hears the merchant's request, and indignantly refusing a bribe, to quit the stage or leave the country, undertakes, for the sake of the father, to render himself so repulsive to the daughter that she will cease to think of him so favourably for the future. At a dinner party, given the same day by the merchant, he undertakes to effect the cure, but his fortitude is put to a severe test when he recognises in the features of the merchant's daughter the face that has captivated his own heart. His word has, however, been pledged, and, painful as the task is felt to be, the trust reposed in him must not be betrayed. Drawing on the resources of that art which has enabled him to excite admiration, he horrifies Ada by simulating a man to whom intoxication is habitual, and gambling a devouring passion. He throws the dinner-party into confusion, by affecting the reckless frenzy of a drunkard, and disperses the guests by the furious manner in which he demonstrates his greed of gold at the card-table. The object, which it costs him such pangs to accomplish, is, however, attained, and the shuddering Ada is the first to insist on the apparently inebriated player leaving the house. The father receives with pleasure her reluctant consent to marry the squire, but the unhappy entrance of her intended bridegroom causes a complete change in the aspect of affairs. Squire Chevy, under various influences which are not simulated, relates that he has come from a club where Garrick, to account for his melancholy mood, has explained the nature of the part he has been called upon to act, though he has concealed everything that would give a clue to the persons interested in his self-sacrifice. Ada thus learns not only the purpose of the scenes she has witnessed, but the quickness with which Garrick is ready to resent an allusion disparaging the character of the unknown lady involved in the story. The actor has challenged the trader, and the squire, who has undertaken to serve as second, announces that the duel is to take place at eight on the following morning. To prevent the encounter taking place Ada comes to the house, but being immediately followed by the squire, dressed for the wedding which is to take place as soon as the affair of honour is over, she is compelled to seek concealment behind a bookcase in the room. In the meantime Garrick departs with his second, and while painfully apprehensive of the issue of events, her father enters, and makes a powerful appeal to induce her to sacrifice her affections at the shrine of filial duty. The violence of conflicting emotions produces a swoon. The father retires to seek aid in removing her, and Garrick returns unharmed, having disarmed his adversary at the onset. Reviving under the influence of the restorative he administers. Ada is urged by him—for the sake of preserving a father's love—to obey a father's wishes, and, with all the graphic power that his art confers, the actor draws a vivid picture of the consequences of parental disobedience. Ingot, who has been an unobserved witness of the scene, is so much struck by the noble conduct of Garrick, that he instantly assents to the union taking place, and remembering the condition that has been affixed to such a ceremony, comes, even hat in hand, to solicit the honour of the actor's alliance with his daughter. The discovery of some letters that show the squire to have been rather inconstant in his attachments, if not already compromised elsewhere, removes any difficulty in that respect, and the curtain falls on the rich young heiress becoming the happy bride of the Romeo who had first inspired her heart with love. That Mr. Sothorn does not share with the actor he represents the disadvantages of a short stature may be allowed to affect the completeness of his personal resemblance; but he preserves an easy bearing and a refined demeanour, which is in exact accordance with all that Garrick's biographers have told us, and which comes in effective contrast to that assumption of drunken brutality which forms in the second act such a telling portion of his performance. The earnestness of his style in the later portion of the play, and the deep feeling he evinced in the scene with Ada, where he reveals the love he bears her, yet shows it to be subject to the higher sense of duty to himself, gave proof of the utmost artistic power. Out of the small part of the discarded squire, Squire Chevy, Mr. Buckstone contrived to extract a considerable amount of fun. Mr. Chippendale communicated some of his most effective touches to the rich merchant Ingot. The charming simplicity with which Miss Nelly Moore, as the youthful Ada, depicted the admiration felt for the actor, and the strong expression of the feeling of aversion with which she regarded the display of vices supposed to belong to the man, indicated higher powers than this promising young actress has hitherto revealed. Mr. Sothorn was recalled at the end of the first act, and on the fall of the curtain was again summoned to respond to the acclamations of the house. Miss Nelly Moore, Mr. Chippendale, and Mr. Buckstone were also complimented in a similar manner. The play has been very carefully placed on the stage, and was announced to be repeated amidst loud applause.

PRINCES'S.—That fascinating French artiste, Mdile. Stella Colas, who some eight or nine months ago made so powerful and decided an impression in the character of Juliet, has again reappeared at this establishment in the same place as that in which she first obtained her London reputation, "Romeo and Juliet," and though some difference has taken place in the cast of the tragedy since its production here in June, there is no change whatever perceptible in the acting of the attractive individual who still sustains the role of Juliet, and who, from her first entrance to the fall of the curtain, has been received with a heartiness and unanimity of applause not often witnessed within the walls of a theatre. We have before expressed our opinion of this lady's dramatic powers, so that it is quite unnecessary for us to say another word on the subject; the same charm, and intensity of purpose, and life-like truth still continues to be the leading characteristic of her acting, which, with the marvel-

lous expression of feature, by-play, and gesture constitutes the remarkable fascination of Mdile. Colas's embodiment of Juliet, always allowing for that youthful grace and beauty which, to her other gifts, this lady brings so eminently to enhance her part. The imperfection in the delivery of our language, unfortunately, still clings to her. Of Mr. Vinling's Mercutio it is quite unnecessary to speak; it is, perhaps, the best representation of the character now left us on the stage. Mrs. Marston's Nurse is one of those perfect idealizations of Shakesperian character which it is a genuine treat to witness. The Friar Laurence of Mr. Forrester was a quiet, sensible performance, while the Peter of Mr. David Fisher lost nothing of its point or humour in the hands of so experienced an actor. The Romeo of Mr. Nelson was respectable, and the same phrases may be applied to the representatives of the rest of the cast.

ADELPHI.—Mr. Stirling Coyne's apropos sketch, called "Shakespeare's House," has been played during the week. The "sketch" is merely used to introduce a Shakesperian diorama by Messrs. Danson and Sons. The subject is extremely simple. Chopkins (Mr. J. L. Toole), a young man of fortune, buys Shakespeare's birthplace, and comes to Stratford for the express purpose of passing a night in it. This he attempts to do, but is disturbed by the great poet's ghost. In social conversation Shakespeare bewails the proceedings which have lately taken place in his name. After a time the Spirit of 1864 (Miss A. Seaman) arrives, and officiates as a kind of classical dictionary as the diorama passes. It consists of groups and single figures representing Shakesperian characters. Among them are included Ariel, Macbeth, Falstaff, Lear, Beatrice, Antony and Cleopatra, Hermione, and Hamlet. Mr. R. Phillips plays Shakespeare; Mrs. H. Lewis, Mrs. Jarratt (the Custodian of the Birthplace); and Mr. C. J. Smith, with Mr. Eburne, appear for a few minutes as Grimshaw and Tiffin.

STRAND.—Another of those neat and pleasing barbaques for which this theatre has become so celebrated, and their author, Mr. Byron, so popular, has been produced, and met with a success that is certain to ensure for it a long and prosperous career. The plot of the new attraction is from the French ballet, "Le Diable a Quatre," or from our own musical farce of "The Devil to Pay," and is entitled "Mazourka; or, the Stick, the Pole, and the Tartar." The chief responsibility and humour of the piece lies on Miss Maria Simpson as Mazourka, a basket-maker, Miss Marie Wilton as Mazourka, his wife, Miss Eliza Johnston representing Count Fiddlewink, and Mr. George Honey as the Countess. The make-up and acting of Mr. Honey in this part is among one of the cleverest pieces of burlesque performance we ever remember to have seen. Miss M. Wilton and Miss Simpson exerted themselves most effectively in their parts of husband and wife, and were greatly applauded both in their dances and in the parodies which fell to their share. Mr. James, Mr. Turner, and Mr. C. Fenton, materially aided the success of the piece by the fond of humour they infused into their parts, and, with the ladies, were encased in nearly every song or dance performed. Of the burlesque itself, it is only necessary to say that it has been written in Mr. Byron's happiest vein, is neat, full of puns, and flowing with wit.

ATLEY'S.—A sensation drama, under the title of "The Three Black Seals," is being represented here. The piece, which consists of three parts and a prologue, is an adaptation of a French melodrama, and it has been rendered by Mr. Edward Stirling with a due regard to the preservation of all the original effects. The story belongs to the commencement of the seventeenth century, the scene being laid in France, and Louis XIII, Marie de Medicis, and Anne of Austria figure conspicuously in the plot, which is far too labyrinthine in its course for us to follow. The arch villain of the drama—for there are various villains of different degrees of iniquity—is crushed by the gradual compression of a chamber, which, with infernal ingenuity, he has contrived for the purpose of destroying his foe. Apart from the compressible chamber, the piece comprises quite enough sensational surprises to ensure the gratification of an excitement-seeking public; and the success of the drama, to which some effective scenery has largely contributed, may be considered established. Miss Furtado as the youthful Marguerite, Mr. Belton as the faithful Chevalier St. Pierre, and Mr. E. F. Edgar as the crime-committing Count Hugo d'Angles, were fully entitled to the applause bestowed upon them.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Mr. G. V. Brooke brought his engagement to a close at this establishment on Monday evening last. He performed, for his benefit, in the "Stranger" and "His Last Legs." The house was not so well attended as we could have wished. During the week Mr. D. H. Jones has sustained the principal characters in conjunction with Miss Marriot.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Mr. and Mrs. German Reed still continue their popular entertainments here. "The Pyramid," and Mr. John Parry's description of "Mrs. Roselof's Little Evening Party," are as attractive as ever.

OLYMPIC HALL.—Mr. W. B. Woodin is still delighting fashionable audiences in his intimate entertainment, "The Eloquent Extraordinary" and "Bachelor's Box." We have previously spoken highly of Mr. Woodin's new and entertaining novelty.

EGYPTIAN HALL.—For a pleasant evening's entertainment, there is not a better way of passing it than by visiting Mr. Arthur Sketchley at this hall. "Paris" and "Mrs. Brown at the Play" cannot fail in sending one home in the happiest humour.

The Court.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, attended by the Hon. Mrs. W. Grey, Lieutenant-General Knollys, and Captain Grey, visited the exhibition of the Royal Academy on Saturday.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with the Hon. Mrs. W. Grey and Captain Grey in waiting, attended Divine service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on Sunday morning. The communion service was read by the Bishop of London, the sub-dean, and the Rev. T. V. Povah. The rev. the sub-dean preached the sermon.

Prince Alfred has been to Berlin, and stayed with the Crown Princess. His royal highness was received by the King of Prussia. It is understood that her Majesty and the members of the royal family staying at Osborne will remove to Windsor Castle on the 10th of the month.

There will be a full dress reception on the 23rd proximo at Buckingham Palace. The cards were issued from the Lord Chamberlain's office on Friday.

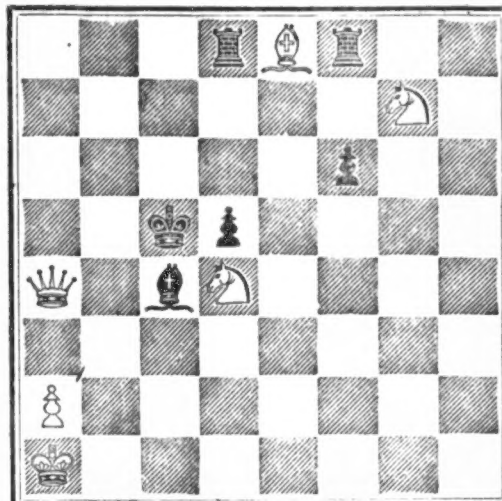
Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, as representing her Majesty, will have a concert at Buckingham Palace on the 11th.

THE POPE ON POLAND.

An allocation was delivered by the Pope in the Consistory recently held at the Vatican. His holiness spoke of the grievances of the Church and its trials in the great Northern empire. He brought forward accusations against the Emperor of Russia, who, he said, after having driven his subjects to insurrection, now endeavours, under the pretext of suppressing the rebellion, to exterminate the Roman Catholic religion, and transports whole populations into frozen countries, exiles bishops, and deprives them of their functions. "Nobody," continued his holiness, "will venture to say that I wish to maintain a revolution by these necessary protests. I protest in order to satisfy my conscience, and that I may not one day hear the Sovereign Judge ask, 'Why didst thou remain silent?' The allocation of the Pope has made a great impression in Rome.

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 177.—By R. B. WORMALD, ESQ.
Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

Game played at the Norwich Chess Club, between Messrs. F. Orfeur and L. O. Howard Taylor, the latter playing without sight of board or men, and conducting another blindfold game at the same time.

[EVANS' GAMBIT.]

- | White. | Black. |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| Mr. L. O. H. Taylor. | Mr. F. Orfeur. |
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. K Kt to K B 3 | 2. Q Kt to Q B 3 |
| 3. B to Q B 4 | 3. B to Q B 4 |
| 4. P to Q Kt 4 | 4. B takes P |
| 5. P to Q B 3 | 5. B to Q B 4 |
| 6. Castles | 6. P to Q 3 |
| 7. P to Q 4 | 7. P takes P |
| 8. P takes B | 8. B to Kt 3 |
| 9. Q Kt to B 3 (a) | 9. B to K Kt 5 |
| 10. B to Q Kt 5 (b) | 10. P to Q R 3 |
| 11. B to Q R 4 | 11. K Kt to K 2 (c) |
| 12. P to Q 5 | 12. Castles |
| 13. P takes Kt | 13. Kt takes P |
| 14. B takes Kt | 14. P takes B |
| 15. Q to Q 3 | 15. P to K R 3 |
| 16. B to Q Kt 2 | 16. P to K B 4 |
| 17. P to K 5 (d) | 17. B takes Kt |
| 18. P takes B | 18. P takes K P |
| 19. Q takes Q | 19. Q R takes Q |
| 20. Q R to Q square | 20. P to Q B 4 |
| 21. Kt to Q 5 | 21. P to K 5 |
| 22. P takes P | 22. P takes P |
| 23. K to R square | 23. P to Q B 5 (e) |
| 24. Kt to K 7 (ch) | 24. K to K 2 |
| 25. B takes R | 25. B takes B |
| 26. R to K Kt square | 26. B to Q 5 (f) |
| 27. R to Q square | 27. P to Q B 4 |
| 28. Kt to Q B 6 | 28. B takes B |
| 29. R takes B (g) | 29. P to Q B 6 |

White resigns (h).

(a) Probably the strongest attack in the Evans' Gambit.

(b) A move adopted with success by Paulsen in several encounters. It appears stronger than Q to Q B 4, a reply advised by Mr. Fraser of Dundee.

(c) A venture which would not have been hazarded by Black, had his opponent been playing with the board and men before him. If at this point Black play B to Q 2, White replies with P to K 5, with a good game.

(d) Being a piece ahead, White was willing to give up another Pawn for the sake of exchanging Queens; but this step was, perhaps, unwise.

(e) This move, as will be seen, exercises an important influence in the after-part of the game.

(f) The concluding moves are very ingeniously played by Black.

(g) If Kt takes R, Black would advance Q B P, winning easily.

(h) If—30. Kt to Q B 5 30. P to Q B 7
31. Kt to Q Kt 3 31. P to Q B 5, and wins.

J. MARSHALL.—Your problems shall have early attention.

A. J. DAVIES.—The following is the opening to which you allude:—

- | | |
|----------------|----------------|
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. K Kt to B 3 | 2. Q Kt to B 3 |
| 3. B to Q B 4 | 3. B to Q B 4 |
| 4. Castles | 4. K Kt to B 3 |
| 5. P to Q 4 | |

See Wormald's "Chess Openings," page 35.

J. B., J. H. CASE, E. G., and H. E. K.—Your letters have been replied to through the post.

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

DEBURY.—5 to 1 agst Lord Glasgow's General Peel (off); 7 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's Scottish Chief (off 18 to 1); 10 to 1 agst Captain White's Cambruscan (off, 12 to 1); 13 to 1 agst Lord Westmoreland's Birch Broom (off); 14 to 1 agst Mr. Naylor's Oatsguard (off); 15 to 1 agst Mr. W. A. Anson's Blair Athol (off); 15 to 1; agst Mr. Ten Broeck's Paris (off, 100 to 6); 10 to 1 agst Mr. Osborne's Prince Arthur (off); 25 to 1 agst Mr. Cartwright's Ely (off); 1000 to 30 agst Mr. H. Hill's Ackworth (off); 1000 to 10 agst Mr. Hodgman's Valiant (off); 1000 to 10 agst Captain Christie's Gordian Knot (off); 1000 to 8 agst Mr. W. Day's Hersey filly (off).

RACING FIXTURES FOR MAY.

Chester	3	Manchester Summer ...	18
York Spring	10	Harpden	20
Salisbury	12	Epsom	24
Bath	17		

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.
MANSION HOUSE.

A MODEL PICKPOCKET.—A respectable-looking man, who gave his name as Francis Gates, was brought up on remand before Sir R. Owen, charged with stealing a gold watch from the person of Henry Croxson, in Adelaide place, London-bridge, on the evening of Thursday, the 1st inst., a crowd at that time having assembled to see Garibaldi. The prisoner was standing close to him, and suddenly he felt something at his pocket, and on looking down he saw his watch-chain drop from the prisoner's hand, and at the same time he missed his watch. The prisoner immediately went away, and asked with a number of other men who appeared to be his associates. The prosecutor, however, watched him very closely, and as he did not see him pass anything he felt confident that he still had the watch, and when the prisoner, after speaking to some of the men who surrounded him, went away, he followed him. After going a short distance, the prisoner, when about Arthur-street, called a cab, and the prosecutor, who before was afraid if he stopped the prisoner the watch would be passed to some of his associates, got into the cab after him, and accused him of having his watch. The prisoner attempted to get out of the cab, and being prevented from doing so from the door at which he got in by the prosecutor, he went to the other door and tried to get out there, but was prevented by the persons in the road. During the scuffle the prosecutor saw the prisoner take something out of his trousers' pocket and throw it out of the cab window, which the prosecutor heard fall on the stones in the road, and which he said he picked up. The watch, however, was afterwards found, and there were a great number of other witnesses. A constable came up, and the prisoner was eventually taken into custody. The prosecutor produced a watch—silver gilt—called by the police a "cuff," which had the bow broken off, and asked the prosecutor if that was his watch. The prisoner said it was not, and the prisoner said it was, and that some one had tried to take it and had broken it off the bow, but he managed to save it. The prosecutor repeated this statement through his solicitor, and also said he was a respectable man; but yesterday, on being brought up, detective-officer Funnell said he knew the prisoner well, having had him in July, 1857, for stealing a watch from a gentleman in Lombard-street, for which he got six months from this court. He afterwards saw him sentenced to eighteen months from the Old Bailey for a similar offence, and last October he saw him tried at the Surrey Sessions, but on that occasion he was discharged. He said, another of the City detectives, said he had known the prisoner nearly all his life, and he was one of the cleverest thieves known. He always dressed very respectably, and his appearance misled people, and that gave him great facilities to pursue his vocation. Sir Robert Owen remarked that the prisoner was certainly the most respectable-looking pickpocket he had ever seen, and committed him for trial.

CLERKENWELL.

A PAINFUL CASE OF ELOPEMENT.—A Mother's Troubles.—A middle-aged woman, of respectable appearance, who seemed in great distress of mind, applied for a warrant against a man who had taken away her daughter, and who was about to take her to America. The applicant stated that the man of whom she complained had lodged in the same house as she now did, and had a family of young children. A few days since his wife was sent to this court for being drunk, and was sentenced to two months' imprisonment and hard labour for being in the unlawful possession of some property that had been recently stolen. For a day or two her (applicant's) daughter did up the man's place, and then he told her, as she thought in a joke, that he should sleep with her some fine day, and sure enough he did, for in the early part of last week she missed them both, and although she made inquiries in every part of the town, she could obtain no tidings of the fugitives. She had since received a letter from them stating that they were at Liverpool, and had taken a passage to America, and her daughter added if she was only as comfortable there with her future husband as she had hitherto been with him here all would be well, and her mother need not fret the least about her, for she was confident that her dear Willy would not deceive her. The magistrate inquired the age of the applicant's daughter. The applicant said that she was sixteen about three months since. She was a tall, well-grown girl of her age, and might be taken for seventeen or eighteen. She did not believe that the man intended to take away her daughter when he said so, or she would have taken steps to prevent him from doing so. The magistrate asked what had been the object of the man's elopement. The applicant replied that their aunt had been seeing to them, but both her and her husband were so poor that they could not afford to support them until the mother came out of prison, therefore it was intended to apply to the workhouse authorities to take the children in. The magistrate, having looked over the Act of Parliament, said he could not assist the applicant, as her daughter was above the age of sixteen. She had better apply to the workhouse authorities, who, no doubt, would take out a warrant for the apprehension of the man for the desertion of his children, and if he was taken perhaps the applicant's daughter would return to town. How was it the applicant had not applied to the court to the workhouse authorities before so that the man and his daughter might have been prevented from embarking? The applicant said she had been very busy attending to the wants of her family, and she was obliged to get her husband's meals ready. As he was her second husband, and not the father of the girl, that had gone away, of course he had no interest in her. The magistrate remarked that it was a disgrace if he had not, and as for the mother's excuse that was a very pretty one. She had better apply to the workhouse authorities at once, who if it was not too late, would immediately take the necessary steps for the apprehension of the man. The applicant thanked his worship, and left the court, saying that if she had the money she would go to Liverpool and bring her daughter back, and if she would not return she would be the death of her.

COMMITTEE OF A DOG-STEALER FOR THE FULL TERM.—A CASE OF MURDER.—James Gray, alias La Bore, a fellow well known to the police, who described himself as a blacksmith's labourer, was charged before Mr. Barker, on remand, with stealing a black and tan terrier, the property of Mr. Alexander Mackie, of 41, River-street, York-row. Mr. Ricketts, a pearly-eyed detective, and Mr. John Wakeling for the defence. Mrs. Harriet Mackie deposed that on the 25th of November last, in the evening, she lost the dog in question. She saw it last, before she lost it, in her kitchen. When she went out, she shut the kitchen door. The prisoner's sister occupied two parlours on the ground floor, and would have to go through the kitchen to the back yard. The prisoner three weeks before she lost her dog had offered her husband 10s. for it, which he declined to take. As she was proceeding along the Calendon-road, about an hour after she had left her dog in the kitchen, she met the prisoner with her dog. He had it under his jacket, and his hand under its head. She could swear to her dog, as it had its ears cropped, and one ear did not stand up so well as the other. The dog had also some of the hair off its head, and it was very thin in the forehead. She had been shopping, and having her arms full of goods, she did not speak to the prisoner, but looked for a policeman. The prisoner was walking fast, and she lost sight of him. She could not see a policeman, but the next day she gave it in to the Calendon-road police-station. The prisoner used generally to visit his sister every day, but after the dog was stolen he did not come to the house again. In cross-examination the complainant stated that the prisoner's sister had a dog, but she was certain that was not the one the prisoner was carrying. She saw that in the house some days after she lost her dog. Mr. Ricketts said that at the last examination the magistrate had declined to hear the evidence of Mrs. Harber, on the ground that she was the wife of the prisoner. He should show that although she had been to church with the prisoner, and had unfortunately for her had a child by him, yet that she was not his wife, as she had a husband then and still alive. Such being the case, the legal marriage had taken place, and therefore she could be examined on a witness. Mr. Harriet Harber, of 5, Wood-street, Green-street, said the prisoner was not her husband. He had lived with her as such, but her husband was alive, and she had heard of him on Saturday last. One evening he brought home a dog, which he said he had "lynched" (killed) from Mrs. Mackie. It had on a collar, and he sold it to a beer-shop (toper) Mr. Budd, of Toubridge-croft, for 10s. Mr. Wakeling (interposing): Were you married to the prisoner at St. Pancras Church? Witness: Yes, but I have since ascertained that my husband was then, and still is alive, therefore it was not a lawful marriage. Mr. Wakeling submitted that after that answer the witness's evidence could not be taken. Mr. Ricketts contended that it was plain she was not the prisoner's wife, and had no claim which could be enforced on him for her support and her evidence was admissible. Mr. Barker said he should decline to receive her evidence. He should not decide a bigamy with a case of dog-stealing. Mr. Wakeing contended that the prosecution had failed to make out their case, and said it was evident that these proceedings were instituted by the woman Barker from feelings of spleen and malice. He should show that there might be a mistake in the matter, and should ask—after he had called witnesses to character—for the case to be dismissed. John Croule, shoemaker, of 210, Copenhagen-street, Islington, the prisoner's brother-in-law, said the prosecutor's husband accused him of stealing the dog. The prisoner took his dog away, but not the prosecutor's. He was certain that the prisoner bore a good character. Richard Gray, the father of the prisoner, gave him a high character for sobriety and honesty. He was an in-

dustrious youth, and had never been in any difficulties. Mr. Ricketts: Was the prisoner ever sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour for picking pockets? Witness: Well, that is very cruel of you. It has nothing to do with the case. Mr. Ricketts: And has he not had two imprisonments of six months each for felonies? Witness: Well, what if he has, it has nothing to do with this charge. Police-sergeant Gould, who has been in prison twice before, and he was present at the sessions when he was sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour for picking pockets, and then he had been in prison twice before. Mr. Barker sentenced the prisoner to six months' hard labour in the House of Correction. Mr. Wakeling gave notice of appeal.

MARYLEBONE.

AN ARTFUL THIEF.—A man who refused his name and address upon the first occasion of his appearance before the court, was brought up for re-examination on the following charges. Upon his first being brought up he gave the name of Thomas Snook, but he afterwards said his name was David Carrington. Mr. Edward Lewis, of 10, Great Marlborough-street, appeared for the defence. Thomas Joseph Barrett said he was a jeweller, carrying on business at 40, Edgware-road. On the evening of the 6th inst. the prisoner called at his shop and wished to see some gold chains. After looking at some he said he could not decide exactly, as he did not know the pattern his wife wanted. He requested that some might be sent to 53, Cambridge-street, to be selected from. Four chains valued at £16 were then sent by the porter. Thomas Perry, porter in the employ of the last witness, said he took the chains to 53, Cambridge-street where he saw the prisoner, who was taking tea in the drawing-room. After sitting down for a time the prisoner asked for the chains, that he might take them into the next room to show his wife. The chains were handed to him, and he went through the folding doors to the next room. After waiting a little while the witness made inquiries of the landlady about the prisoner, and it was then ascertained that he had left the house, and taken the chains with him. Caroline Willis, servant at 53, Cambridge-street, said that about a quarter past six on the evening of the 6th ult. the prisoner engaged apartments in her mistress's house. After remaining about half-an-hour he went out. He returned again in half an hour. He then went up to his bedroom, and after washing his hands, he told her he was going out after his luggage. He returned again in about ten minutes, and said if a young man called and inquired for Mr. Mayall he was to be shown into the prisoner's room, as desired. Sergeant Dod, 28, deposed to apprehending the prisoner after a smart chase. James Manington, manager to Mr. Weylett, jeweller, 253, Oxford-street, stated that the prisoner selected some chains for his wife to look at, and directed them to be sent to Mr. Ferguson, 36, Somerset-street. James Marick, porter at the last place, took five chains to the address given, and was shown into the drawing room, where the prisoner was. He took the chains, as he said, to show his wife, and went through the folding doors, bolting them after him, and after locking the other door by which witness had entered the room, he left the house with the chains. The five were worth £29. A witness from the house proved that the prisoner had only taken the apartments about half an hour before the last witness brought the chains. Another case was gone into where the prisoner obtained three gold chains, valued at £23, in the name of Parkinson, under precisely similar circumstances, from Messrs. Cock and Borchell, silversmiths and jewellers, 131, Oxford-street. The prisoner was committed for trial on the three charges.

WORSHIP STREET.

DARING ROBBERY.—Elizabeth Thomas, 22, Mary Gilham, 26, and Margaret Murray, 19, all daughters, were charged before Mr. Cooke with having, in conjunction with a fourth woman, not in custody, assaulted and robbed the prosecutor of gold, silver, some wearing apparel, and other articles, the value of £104 6s. Mr. Thomas Haynes, the prosecutor, one of whose eyes bore evidence of a recent blow, stated that he is a salesman at Alton, in Hampshire. Having accounts to settle with several wholesale warehouses in town, he put £105 in sovereigns and half sovereigns in his purse, which he carried in his waistcoat pocket. On reaching town he took a cab to convey him to Forster-street, New North-road, to visit a friend named Stone, the manager of Mr. Dodd's business; but as he was ignorant of Mr. Stone's residence he went into a disjunct where a number of women were employed, and asked them to direct him to Mr. Stone's house. The prisoner and a fourth woman, who has since been apprehended, offered to take him if he would give them some porter, and on his agreeing to do so the four took him to a neighbouring public-house, where he paid for some half-and-half for them. In doing so, he was obliged to take money from his purse. He secured his purse in his pocket again, and all four women saw him to Mr. Stone's house, and left him. Mr. Stone was not at home, and he determined to wait for his return, but he had not been there many minutes when a knock came at the door, he was inquired for, and on going out he found one of the prisoners there. She told him that Mr. Stone was waiting for him, and had sent her to his house to fetch him. This woman took him to a second public-house, where he again found the three others, all of whom wanted him to pay for more drink for them. But the landlord of that house suspected, from the prosecutor's appearance, that there was something wrong, and refused to receive them. The women then explained that Mr. Stone was at another house, and pressed him to go with them there. He consented; they took him to a third public-house or beer-shop, and he no sooner entered that than the prisoner Murray and tenly struck him a violent blow in the face. Thomas twisted the purse out of his pocket, and the whole rushed out of the house and escaped. He had brought up a change of linen with him in a small bundle. On recovering from the pain of the blow and his astonishment he found that the bundle had been stolen also, that Mr. Stone was not in the house, that he had not been there, and that the whole was a well-concocted scheme of the prisoners to rob him. Julia Shoen, a girl of sixteen, stated that, while standing outside the third public-house, where she had just before entered to offer her wares for sale, she saw two of the prisoners, Murray and Thomas, carrying the prosecutor into the house in a manner so that she felt convinced they intended to rob him. On looking through the door, she saw those two strike and rob him of his purse, read out of the house, join the fourth woman at the door, and run off in opposite directions, two together each way. Gould, 187 N. deposed to the prosecutor coming to the Kingsland station on the preceding evening, where he complained of having been robbed of between £104 and £105, and gave so accurate a description of the women who had robbed and assaulted him that on Israel Watts, the detective, and he going in search of them they had no difficulty in selecting the prisoners, whom the prosecutor at once identified. The fourth woman had as yet escaped, but if the magistrate would grant a remand he thought there was a probability of her apprehension also. It would be necessary for the police to take particular care of the witness Shoen, as she lived in a neighbourhood where there are many thieves, and, if not so looked to, there was a probability of her not being allowed to appear at the court again. All the prisoners were remanded for a week. None of the £104 or other property had been recovered or traced.

A RUSSIAN HUSBAND.—Robert M. Namara, 38, a labourer, and Caroline Kenney, 35, were charged with unlawfully and maliciously inflicting grievous bodily harm on Catherine M. Namara, the wife of the former prisoner. The prosecutor, whose face was bandaged across the nostrils, said: I have not any settled home, for my husband has turned me out of doors, and during the last six weeks I have not known what to do or where to go. Mr. Leigh: Has he not made you any allowance during that time? Wife: Not a penny, sir; and being in great distress, I went on the night of the 23rd of April to 41, Queen Anne-street, Bethnal-green, where he lives, to ask him for a trifle to get a lodging and some food. He opened the door, and when I told him that I was starving he replied: "Go along; go to the workhouse." She (the woman) then came and told me the same; she is his sister-in-law, and finding I could get no assistance I lost my temper, and cursed her for her cruelty in keeping my husband from me. Upon this he rushed at me, but she had got something in her hand, and reaching across him struck me with it in the face. Mr. Leigh: What was it? Wife: Well, sir, I thought it was a hatchet. I fell to the ground, and my husband then kicked me about the arms and body. A woman picked me up. I cannot recollect much more, for I was taken to the hospital, and have remained there since. Evans, 352 K. I was called to the spot, and found this woman bleeding profusely from a cut in the nose. I at first thought it was oil. All three were sober, and the man said he should not care if he got twelve months for what he had done. Mr. Robert Hughes, house surgeon at the London Hospital, the woman was placed in the dock, before Mr. Burdham, for final examination, charged with stealing 216 postage-stamps, the property of Mr. William M. Stoner, draper, Southwark Bridge-road. The prosecutor deposed that he had known the prisoner many years, and he was formerly in very good circum-

SOUTHWARK.

THE RESULTS OF DRUNKENNESS.—A poor, miserable-looking man, named James William Thompson, who a few years ago carried on an extensive and lucrative business as a credit draper in the vicinity of the Borough, was placed in the dock, before Mr. Burdham, for final examination, charged with stealing 216 postage-stamps, the property of Mr. William M. Stoner, draper, Southwark Bridge-road. The prosecutor deposed that he had known the prisoner many years, and he was formerly in very good circum-

stances. Latterly he had become so reduced in consequence of his own improvidence that he had for some time existed on charity in and out of the workhouse. On the 28th instant among other letters witness received by the morning's post was one containing 216 postage stamps, which he placed on the counter outside the railings of his desk, and just at that time the prisoner entered, and asked him to give him a job, as he was starving. Witness knew that it would be almost useless, but still he felt a compassion for him, and gave him a small sum of money, requesting him to wait a moment while he made out a list of defaulters for him to look after. Witness forgot to take the postage-stamps up at the time, and as soon as he returned to the counter he missed the prisoner and postage-stamps. He ran out of his office to look for the prisoner, but he was too quick for him, having managed to get clear off. He gave information to the police, and on the next morning he was picked up insensibly drunk with not a penny about him. Witness added that he recollected the prisoner five years ago carrying on an extensive business, but he had so habituated himself to drunkenness that he was totally lost. He felt great compassion for the prisoner, and would do all he could to assist him if he reformed. David Carter, 145 P. said he picked up the prisoner in the Walworth-road in a very bad state. On his recovery he charged him with the robbery, which he denied, and declared he had not seen a stamp for a month, while he made out a list of defaulters for him to look after. Witness saw the prosecutor's stamp, consequently he never took them. Mr. Burdham said it was a sad thing to see a man so reduced from his own wicked propensities. He however, had nothing else to do but to commit him for trial.

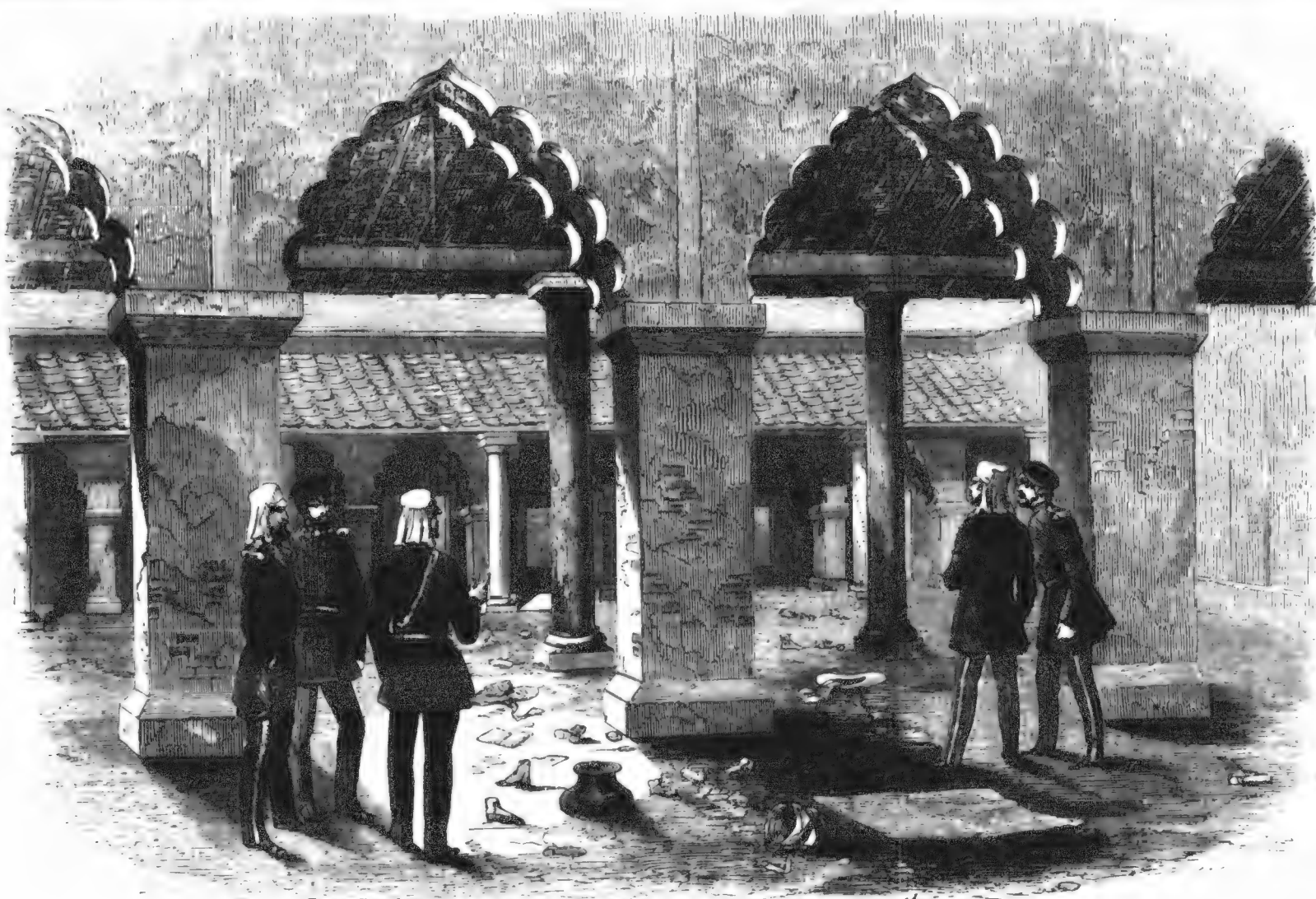
EXTRAORDINARY CHARGE OF RAPE.—John Sutton, a respectable-looking young man, a brewer's servant, was placed at the bar before Mr. Woolrych for final examination, charged with administering a noxious drug to and criminally assaulting Eliza Seager, a young woman sixteen years of age. Mr. W. Edwins presented, and Mr. Sutton (from the office of Mr. Chipperfield) defended the prisoner. Mr. Allen, the prosecuting officer of the Associate Institute for Enforcing the Laws for the Protection of Young Women and Children, watched the case on behalf of the society. The prosecutor, a very modest-looking young woman, said that she was a domestic servant, at present out of place, but lodging with a female friend at No. 1, Henry-road, Old Kent-road. On Monday afternoon, the 18th ult. she accompanied Eliza Howell, her friend to Forest Hill Cemetery, and on their return home they met the prisoner and another young man, who was known to her companion. They all walked together, and about half-past five o'clock entered a public-house in Peckham-rye, where they had some refreshment, and remained till near nine o'clock. When they left that house they proceeded towards home, witness walking arm-in-arm with the prisoner and Eliza Howell with his companion. On arriving at the Castle public-house they entered that place, and some ale and gin was called for, and then the prisoner quickly left them. On his return a minute or two afterwards he took up a glass, and poured some gin into it, pressing her to drink some. She at first refused, but on his threatening to throw it over her she reluctantly swallowed about half of it, and finding it nasty she threw the remainder on the floor. All at once her senses left her, and when she recovered she found herself in bed at her lodgings, and ascertained that she had been very sick. She also discovered that her person had been violated, and she was still suffering severely from the injury inflicted on her. In cross-examination by Mr. Edmonson, she said that they had several pots of ale at the public-house in Peckham-rye, but she did not drink much. She never acted improperly towards the prisoner while at that house or the Castle, and she did not knowingly permit him to act so with her. In fact, she would have resented it to the utmost; she would rather have lost her life than have allowed him to ruin her. Eliza Howell, a shoe-blender, also a decent-looking young woman, testified as to meeting the prisoner and another young man, whom she had a slight previous knowledge of, and then going into the public-house at Peckham-rye. After leaving them the prisoner and prosecutor walked some distance in advance, and she lost sight of them. On their arrival at the Castle the prisoner and Eliza Seager were standing at the bar, and the former was persuading her to drink some gin he had in a glass. At last she drank it, and a few moments after that she became sick and unwell. The prisoner ran left the house with her, and finding they did not come back she and her mother-in-law went out to look for her, when they found her being assisted home by their landlord. She was insensible nearly all night, and had ever since complained of the injuries she had received. George Gowanland, a carman in the employ of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, said he lived at Henry-road, and the prosecutor was one of his lodgers. On the Monday night in question he was passing a gateway at the rear of the castle, which was near his house, when he heard the female call out faintly, "You shan't; keep your hands off," and "Oh dear, will some one come to help me?" He went to the spot immediately, and saw the prosecutor and prisoner in such a position as left no doubt of the crime he had committed. Witness called out to the prisoner to desist, and ran to look for a constable, but he did not come, he returned, and found the prosecutor in a very bad state. The prisoner was gone, and witness assisted her home to his house, where she was attended to. The prosecutor was quite unconscious and stupefied, and unable to resist the prisoner's violence. Sarah Brampton, a middle-aged motherly-looking female, said she lodged in the same house, and recollected the prosecutor being brought home by last witness in a state of stupefaction. She vomited very much all night, and when she recovered herself complained of being injured. Witness found her in that state which left no doubt she had been abused. Witness also found that a white powder was at the bottom of the vomit, but she did not think about keeping it. Mr. Sutton, in defence, contended that the charge as it stood against his client could not be sustained, as it was clear that the prosecutor had acted feebly towards the prisoner, and committed to all that had taken place. Mr. Woolrych was of a different opinion, and committed the prisoner for trial.

THAMES.

SAVAGE TREATMENT OF A WIFE.—Edward Wright, 30 years of age, was brought before Mr. Partridge charged with violently assaulting Sarah, his wife. The complainant, whose face was bruised, and who was in great pain, has been married eight years, and had endured, without complaint, starvation and brutalty nearly the whole of that time. On Friday week her husband came home intoxicated, and beat her, and then attempted to strangle her, in which he nearly succeeded. He took up his youngest child, a baby, and, after slapping its face, threw it with great violence on a bed in the room. He was dragged away from the complainant by a constable, who said the prisoner had grasped his wife by the throat. The prisoner then struck her on the head, and was about to throw her from the top of a flight of stairs to the bottom, when the policeman seized him, and allowed complainant to escape. The prisoner then said he would get a knife and murder his wife. The defendant, who said he had been employed in a screw collier in the docks and in iron ship-building yards, said he was a good husband, and that it would puzzle the best man that ever existed to live with such a woman as his wife. He appealed to a respectable-looking man for a character. William Vines, the person appealed to, said: The man and his wife lived in my house ten months. A bitter wretch never existed on the face of the earth than the prisoner. Mr. Partridge told the witness he should not express himself so forcibly in a court of justice, and asked his reasons for describing the prisoner as he had done. Mr. Vines: He is very lazy; he won't get up in the morning to his work. He beats his wife; he ill-uses his children, he is often drunk; he is a great swearer, and he once lived for ten weeks on the industry of his wife and mother, instead of doing his work. Mr. Partridge observed that he had no hesitation in saying the prisoner was a drunken, dissolute, savage fellow, and had acted with great brutality and cowardice towards the poor meekly-disposed woman who had the misfortune to be his wife. The prisoner was so drunk when he was before him that he did not know what he was doing, and acted so disgracefully that he was obliged to adjourn the case. He sentenced the prisoner to six months' hard labour, and at the expiration of that time to find two good sureties in £25 each, and his own personal recognisance in £50, to keep the peace and be of good behaviour for six months longer, and to be imprisoned if bail was not provided. The prisoner: Thank you; that is just as good as twelve months for me.

WANDSWORTH.

ROBBERY OF PLATE AT RAMSGATE.—Eleven House of short stature, a servant aged 35 years, was placed in the dock before Mr. Ingham, charged on his own confession, with stealing a quantity of plate, the property of his master Dr. White, of Conningham House, High-street, Ramsgate. Sergeant Dudley said: I was on duty at the Wandsworth Police station yesterday, when the prisoner came in and said he wished to give himself up. I said what for? He replied that he had robbed his master last night, and he felt very unhappy. I asked him where he lived, and he said at Dr. White's, Conningham House High-street, Ramsgate. He then called out of his pocket a quantity of plate consisting of twenty-two spoons and fifteen forks. I asked him where he took them from. He said from the plate bracket in the pantry. I asked him how he came to London. He said that he came by the Chatham and Dover Railway last night, and had wandered down to this neighbourhood, and that he did not know what to do with himself. I asked him how long he had been in the doctor's employ, and he replied a week this time. I then took him into custody and charged him. Mr. Ingham (to the prisoner): Do you wish to put any questions to the sergeant? The prisoner (who appeared in a nervous state): No, sir. I should like to write to the doctor. Mr. Ingham then remanded the prisoner until next Tuesday, and directed the sergeant to communicate in the meantime with Dr. White. The prisoner was removed to the cells.



HOUSE AT CAWNPORE WHERE THE MASSACRE WAS PERPETRATED.

Literature

HIGHLAND JESSIE; OR, LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID. A TALE OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE OLD HATE.

On the 30th of June, at Lucknow, Phil Effingham had little leisure to think of many other people than the wounded under his care. The reverses of the Lucknow men had commenced.

It was no use disguising it, the English had been beaten. For a time, and for once.

No wonder they were amazed—no wonder they could not comprehend the fact.

How little did any expect that next day they were to hear of the mortal injury of him without whose foresight and wisdom the catastrophe of Cawnpore had been reproduced at Lucknow! That next day, the 2nd of July, good, and even great, Sir Henry Lawrence was to be mortally wounded!

Phil Effingham was taking five minutes' rest, and that undying solace, his cigar, when he saw a slight approaching him which caused him—even Phil Effingham, cool hand as he was, and admirer of good tobacco as he lived—to drop his Havannah.

There, before him, but not seeing him, was—Vengha.

She was dressed in her ordinary costume, and was apparently watching some object or person.

Why had she come?

Phil asked himself that question in a moment, and replied to it the next.

Beyond any question, to seek Sir Clive. She could not know that he had left Lucknow since her departure, and readily he comprehended that Vengha, supposing that Doob Sharpo had been killed or had played her false, had come herself to entice Sir Clive to that destruction which, perhaps, this woman in her hate believed was not falling with sufficient rapidity upon the English.

He had no doubt in his own mind that the Indian had even better proofs than the spy had possessed, of the tale she hoped to tell Sir Clive.

But Phil knew he could not treat this woman as he had the spy.

He walked—all blood-stained as he was with the many amputations and surgical operations he had been performing for hours—he walked softly up behind her, and laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"Vengha!"

"Holy Brahms!"

"How do you do?"

"Sahib!"

"What, Vengha, can't you forget the old trick? Must you still 'Sahib' us?"

She smiled.

"Sahib!—it is almost time to cease saying 'Sahib,' is it not?"

"As you will. Why are you here?"

"Why should I not be here?"

"That's no answer. How came you here?"

"Why should I reply?"

"Because I choose, Vengha."

"I do not choose."

"Oh, very well! Shall I tell you why you have come here?"

"You can speak if you choose."

"Ha! I see you have very wisely dropped the 'Sahib.'" He continued—"You have come here to induce your sahib, Sir Clive, to follow you in order to reach Lady St. Maur. You start: you see I know something."

"What else?"

"Oh, a good deal more. Sir Clive won't follow you."

"How do you know that, doctor?"

"Because I am wiser than you."

"You are fortunate."

"Perhaps," continued Phil; adding, "You knew one Doob Sharpo?"

"Oh, no! You are not worth giving into custody. A spy more or less in the camp counts for nothing, and I know we have plenty of the family. The fact is, I simply want to save you trouble."

You hope to entice from this place Sir Clive St. Maur. My good soul, listen to this. He left here on the 9th of June, reached Delhi on the 12th, saw his wife take part in some awful twaddle, and came back quite contented with what he saw, and with no further desire to know what became of—of your mistress."

"He was there?"

"Yes, as large as life."

"And I did not see him!" she cried, in low rage.

"Well, even such as you can't be always spying. Now, take my advice—Go!"

"I will not!"

"Go! I say. I won't have you bothering about the place."

"What if I stay?"

"I'll have you arrested."

"What then?"

"Why, I hope you will like it."

"Why, what would you do? You Christians are too gentle to hurt women—you loving, sweet people—so what have I to fear from your threat?"

"There, be off, or I won't answer for the consequences."

"You have told me much, sahib of the Sahib Sir Clive—shall I tell you more of the Mem-Sahib, his wife?"

"As you like, so long as you clear out quick; or, upon my soul, you'll get arrested, and clapped in chokery."

Vengha raised her sinuous right hand.

"Your white people have grown paler before our victorious, Brahms blest arms. In a short time, in the coming and going of a few weeks or days, we shall be irresistible; for who, think you, will lead us on to battle?"

"I don't know, and I don't care," says Phil.

"Our Prophetess!"

"Who's she?" asks Phil, in a quick, hurried manner.

"The Mem-Sahib—Lady St. Maur."

CHAPTER LV.

AGAIN AT CAWNPORE.

THE history of the end of the tragedy at Cawnpore must be told. Cowards always anticipate danger—they rarely meet it. When the Nena and his hosts, by the good offices of his swiftly-running spies, learnt that the English, under Havelock, were approaching, the

Nena, exactly like some one of the lower sort of animals, which instead of defending its young from an enemy, turns upon its little ones and destroys them; so the Sahib, when he learnt the English were advancing against him, must have experienced that sort of cowardice which must gratify itself with some revenge. The lower classes of animals turn upon their young—such of the lower classes of men as those to which the Nena by nature belonged, turn upon their powerless enemies, and destroy them.

The strong Englishmen were approaching; and so, as he could not annihilate them, he destroyed the women and the little children.

Upon what precise day the massacre was actually accomplished it is difficult to say with any certainty; but, possibly, the actual day was the 15th of July.

On the 16th of that month Havelock entered the city of Cawnpore—its conqueror. But he could not give back life to those whom he came to save. They lay stark and dead in the well (a) outside the house (b) within which the English people had suffered.

It is well to turn from the martyrs to those whose hard work and higher courage did not suffice to save the poor ladies from murder and sudden death.

First, there was the tremendous rush of Havelock men, the marching on, on faster than ever men had marched in India—marching on with quiet anger, and stern will to help those who were left. Did they stop, they said, "We are delaying!" Then rising, they sped on; some fell, struck down by the sun, never to march again; some died even for want of water! Still on, on the just avengers swept. In eight days—mind, in eight days only—this man and his force fought four battles against most overwhelming odds, took twenty-four guns, and oh! most wondrous of all, marched 126 miles in the scorching July sun of India!

"Highlanders!" said Havelock to the 78th, before going into action at Futtehpore,—"Highlanders! when we were going to Mohammerah I promised you a field day. I could not give it you then, as the Persians ran away; but, Highlanders, we will have it to-day, and let them see what you are made of!"

They were made of good stuff, for they took twelve guns, and utterly routed the enemy.

At the action of Cawnpore on the purifying 16th of July, 1857, the enemy, 13,000 strong, six guns, and Nena Sahib at their head, were, as all the world knows, defeated. Defeated those great masses, and by how many? Why by the general, 1,300 Europeans, and half that number of Sikhs.

Said the general to his men after the action: "Highlanders, I have been in twenty-seven fights, and never saw a regiment behave better—I will say more—I never saw a regiment behave so well."

And no general ever had.

What that 1,300 saw when they entered the deserted Cawnpore no pen dare tell, no pen can tell. Think of those brave men who

(a) THE WELL AT CAWNPORE.—An engraving is given of this terrible spot, drawn about a week after the catastrophe, and when the retributive gallows, which will be seen to the right, had already been raised and borne its retributive fruit. Behind is the house, or rather the remains of the house, in which the wholesale murder was accomplished.

(b) THE HOUSE AT CAWNPORE.—We also offer an illustration of the appearance of the interior of the house at Cawnpore where our women suffered. It will be seen that this building bears much resemblance to an Alhambra courtyard. It is composed of a deep covered gallery (from which the rooms open) running round an open courtyard. Here our women were lodged. And so sudden was the victory obtained by Havelock over the Indians that when the English took possession of the place the house presented precisely the appearance it must have exhibited immediately after the massacre. Here lay shoes or boots, there a hat or bonnet. In some instances the feet were still in the boots. All about lay books and papers, children's toys, and the thousand and one evidences of the neighbourhood of English ladies—English ladies now all dead and huddled together in the deep well, close companions in death as they had been in captivity.

had not quailed before the 18,000 enemies (who with a cheer ran on to drive the hosts back), think of them panting, hot, dusty, thirsty, coming upon the ground sanctified by the blood of gentle women and children. Imagine these men dropping their arms, turning pale and sick, then leaning against ensanguined walls to save them from falling to the ground, trembling at the evidence of acts committed by men who in the battle field could make them flinch or tremble not one atom. Imagine clusters of these men whispering together, and pointing from secret to secret, and thinking of their mothers and children, wives and sisters, in the far England and home. Some men wept, indeed, as they stood near the spot.

There is one especial act the men of the hard fighting 78th did, which deserves especial and awful mention; a dreadful sight to see, they found the body of one of General Wheeler's brave girls. The men gently cut from her head the hair that grew there, and after setting apart a portion for those at home who claimed the dead as theirs, they divided the blood-stained locks amongst them; each washed his portion; dried and counted the hairs composing it; then with a great loud oath they swore to kill and lay low as many of the murderers as they had hairs of the poor girl's head—they sought to keep their oath, and their war cry rose:—

"Remember the ladies,
Remember the babies."

When once again Cawnpore was an English station there was immediate talk of raising a memorial over the awful scene of the massacre—the grave at Cawnpore.

An intelligent officer of Engineers, who was a near relative of seven of the Cawnpore victims, said at the time:—"There is some talk of raising a monument over that well. They don't understand the natives, or they would do nothing of the sort. What does a Hindoo care for a marble pyramid or obelisk? Now what they should do is this—build above that well a Christian temple, as small as you like, but splendid, so that after generations of Christians shall say to as many generations of Mahometans or Hindoos, 'Look

The agony of Cawnpore, however, was short. A few brief weeks and resistance was at an end, and most of the betrayed garrison were in the rest of death.

After the fathers and husbands had been sunk in the boats treacherously provided by the Nena, the women and the children who remained alive, prisoners of the Nena, had but to endure two, or less than three, short weeks of suspense, and then came the agony of a few moments, while they were shot and cut down.

We shall return in this tale no more to Cawnpore. The personages brought forward in this narrative had nothing to do with the unhappy people who suffered at that place, except as they sympathized with them, they being fellow-countrymen and women.

But it was impossible to quite pass over the catastrophe at Cawnpore in a work specially devoted to the portrayal of the mutiny in India.

Therefore, some account of the Nena massacres has been given. But, reader, upon some consideration of the question, do you not think the besieged of Lucknow, all through the dreadful months during which they were to exist rather than live; do you not think the Lucknowites may have envied those dead at Cawnpore their peacefulness?

Nor think not that this is an unchristian expression. Many people who would fight bravely for life, and who would never be so cowardly as to take away their own existence, would not be sorry to have done with breath.

Think of them at Lucknow, suffering nearly all the plagues of Egypt—famine, pests, plague, filth, the want of water; the first-born, and all others born to them, dying daily and hourly. Think of them, in rags, thin, dirty, thirsty, and surrounded by many thousands of a merciless enemy, and you will not be perhaps so much inclined to look upon the defenders of Lucknow as much more fortunate than those who had suffered at Cawnpore.

And now let us return to that Lucknow, with many of the inmates of which you are familiar.

The disturbances never came near the Residency. Their character may well make them suspected of such treachery. They had both adopted native habits, costumes, and ideas, and had always kept aloof from European society. The former was a retired Company's officer, an Englishman, who had for many years received the pension of a captain. The latter was a man born in Lucknow, whose daughters were married to Mussulmans, and whose sons served as native officers or troopers in the late king's army. He himself commanded a portion of the ex-king's artillery. Both these were said to have adopted the Mahometan faith. A Frenchman, named Leblond, as great a villain as ever breathed, also an apostate, probably likewise joined the insurgents; and a young man, whose name need not be mentioned, on account of his family, was most probably the person who had commanded the enemy's cavalry at Chinhatt. But it is also likely that some Russian officers had entered the army of the insurgents. One of them, who at first had given himself out as a Siberian refugee, and afterwards contradicted himself on cross-examination, was actually made a prisoner before the mutiny, but, strange to say, was released on the occurrence of the outbreak.

The tiny garrison, however, "stood well" up to the 1st of July when, as I have said, the reverses began.

It will be remembered that the alarm at Lucknow—or, to be more particular, the mutiny of Lucknow—broke out the 26th of May, and that before the morning of the 31st the Residency and its grounds and neighbourhood were garrisoned by the white forces at that station, and such of the native Indians as remained faithful.

It will also be recalled that throughout the month of June the miseries of the garrison called for little complaint on the part of a people accustomed to a military life.

Flies were troublesome, and even cholera and small-pox became known; but in India flies are always troublesome, while no summer passes without the presence of cholera, and even small-pox.



THE WELL AT CAWNPORE. (See page 748.)

here! On this spot your fathers wrought the blackest of their deeds to get rid of Christianity from India. See what came of it! Christian rites are now celebrated, and Christian worship presented, on the very site of that well, and above the ashes of 200 martyrs. What an illustration this would be for coming ages to witness of the sacred truth—'He maketh the wrath of man to praise Him!'

However it was ultimately decided that the great emblem of the Christian religion should be raised near the spot where lay many English martyrs.

This was done, and hence we have the power of presenting an engraving of the cross near the well. Mr. W. Russell, the *Times* correspondent, gave a splendid account of the appearance of the locality in the early spring of the following year (c).

(c) THE CROSS NEAR THE WELL.—In speaking of the appearance of Cawnpore after the mutiny was almost stamped out, Mr. Russell says:—"We drive on a little further, and on our right, amid many broken bungalows, there is visible an enclosure with broken walls and shattered gateposts, in the centre of which is a heap of brick, mud, and white plaster, about two or three feet high, scattered over fifteen or twenty square yards of ground. Close to this heap there are some leafless trees, and on the topmost branch of one of these, just over the centre of the mound, with its foul plumage lighted up by the rays of the rising sun, sits a horrid vulture. A few yards beyond this mass of the ruins of what had once been a house, there rose a ramp or sloping mound of earth from the level of the ground to the edge of a circular brick well, the top of which was covered in, and close by the well stood a monumental cross. It was scarcely necessary for my companion to say, 'There is the house, and just beyond it is the well.' The house in which the massacre took place is now in ruins; it was pulled down to clear the ground for the guns of the *fort-de-pont* across the Ganges, and the very outline of the walls is scarcely traceable. It was originally built for and used as a *zaman*, an enclosed residence, with a court yard in the centre, in which the stump of a tree was still standing; and off this open space were the rooms in which the massacre took place. The plaster of the walls was still lying about in patches, but I could not detect any trace of blood. Bits of cloth and of women's dresses were still visible amid the rubbish; but there were none of the more painful tokens of the dreadful tragedy which had been enacted where we stood. There is reason to believe that the writing on the plaster, the purport of which you know, did not exist when Havelock's force

CHAPTER LVI.

AT LUCKNOW.

THESE were the circumstances under which 400 or 500 Englishmen, aided by two or three companies of Sikhs and faithful sepoys, kept at bay a whole city full of desperate ruffians, abundantly supplied with ammunition, and, it would seem, well officered, for it is probable that the artillery of the enemy was commanded by European officers. One of these was seen several times laying a gun and giving orders, apparently like one in authority. From the description given it is not unlikely that it was either Captain Savory or Captain Rotton, who had both remained in the city, and during

entered the place. I have spoken with officers who examined the walls, and every scratch in the sides of the rooms, and they declare that the appeal to vengeance which is attributed to one of the wretched victims was not to be seen immediately after we returned to Cawnpore, and that it had been traced on the wall by some person who visited the place subsequently. The well in the rear of the house, into which the bodies of the slaughtered women and children were thrown, is now bricked over, and there only remains a small circular ridge of brick marking the wall of the well, which was not more than nine or ten feet across. Beneath rest the mangled remains of our poor countrywomen and their little ones; and, standing there, we could well realize the strength of that indignation which steals the hearts of our soldiers against the enemy. Within a few feet of 'the well,' surrounded by a small wooden paling, there stands a stone cross on a flat slab, on two courses of masonry, the inscription of which tells its story:—'In memory of the women and children of Her Majesty's 32nd Regiment, who were slaughtered near this spot on the 16th of July, A.D. 1857. This memorial was erected by twenty men of the same regiment, who were passing through Cawnpore, November 21st, 1857.' This inscription is engraved on the upright part of the slab, which is in the form of a Maltese cross, within a circle of stone. In the quadrants of this circle are inscribed, in red letters and in the old English character, 'I believe in the resurrection of the dead.' I went over the so-called entrenchments, which were held by Wheeler's garrison for nearly three weeks. It was a melancholy sight—beyond description sad and desolate. The position, if such it can be called, consists of two lofty one-storeyed buildings, intended, I believe, to be bar-

Food was in plenty so far, while the enemy was not too near but held himself at that distance which the enemies of the Englishman generally prefer when opposed to our countrymen.

But with the end of June came the termination of the case of the siege.

So far, very few deaths had been caused by shot—poor Jubelina Fisher being one of the victims. But from that fatal 1st of July—the Chinhatt catastrophe, as it is sometimes called—the enemies changed places; and the English, who had made the sortie which ended beyond all question in their defeat—for the Indians were thirteen to every Englishman—the English could do little more than defend themselves, while for the next ten weeks barely for a day was the rain of lead and iron perpetually belching from Indian guns and barrels upon the beleaguered English to cease.

To be candid, as we may be, now the war has long since ended, the unhappy battle of Chinhatt, in which Lawrence was betrayed by some of those "dear children," the sepoys, and from which he had to retreat with a loss of 118 English officers and men killed and

racks, divided into many rooms with outward doors opening into corridors. These buildings are surrounded by the remains of a miserable trench formed by casting up the earth dug from the soil on a slope towards the enemy. There is no ditch whatever; the trench could never have been six feet deep, and as the enemy were all round the station these open trenches were enfiladed upon all sides. The severity of the fire was excessive. Every square yard of the wall is perforated by cannon shot, the roofs are knocked to pieces, and in places have tumbled in *en masse*. No part of Sebastopol is more battered and shaken than the barracks behind the Great Bazaar—is more not even excepting the range of barracks at Cawnpore. In one small space I counted seventy-three shot-holes, most of which were through and through the walls. The party walls were perforated and battered in the same manner. It was a wonder how any one could live inside for an hour. At one angle of a room was written in pencil 'Below this mark young Wheeler was killed by a cannon ball, which took off his head. His blood and brains are spattered on the wall below.' Scraps of music books and fragments of women's dresses still lie among the tiles, bricks, and flint with which the floors are covered."

missing out of 600 (the entire European force), with fifty-four wounded, to say nothing of natives (those that remained faithful) altered the aspect of English affairs. Then, immediately and in earnest, commenced the siege of Lucknow. The retreat from Chibhutt was terrible.

Many poor fellows, desperately wounded, and unable to rise, whom no one could or would assist, were seen fighting like bull-dogs held at bay, till they at last fell dead. Parched with thirst, and weak from exertion and fatigue, under the intense heat of a July sun, numbers fell down exhausted, and were cut up by the enemy's cavalry. Others fell, struck by apoplexy. . . . None asked for mercy, for none expected it. Mr. Darby in vain called out to the men, for God's sake! not to retreat, and to remember Waterloo and Vimiera. None heeded him; and Lieutenant Webb, his face black with gunpowder, and the peak of his cap shot off, made himself hoarse with shouting to the men to halt. The officers of the 32nd Regiment spared no exertions to retrieve the day; but with a few hundred men against myriads, what chance had they, even if the soldiers had not been half dead with exhaustion? Sir Henry Lawrence was seen in the most exposed part of the field, riding from one part of it to another, amidst a terrific fire of grape, round shot, and musketry, which made us lose men at every step. When near the Kokrail-bridge, he wrung his hands in the greatest agony of mind, and forgetful of himself, thought only of his poor soldiers. "My God!—my God!" he was heard to say, "and I brought them to this!" So confident must he have been of success that he had ordered his carriage to meet him half-way. The horses were of course taken out to escape with, but the carriage was left sticking in the sand.

The enemy having once gained an advantage they took courage, and swarmed around the Residency, so that the white people could scarcely breathe.

Chibhutt had made gaps in the 3—th. Poppa would never be clever any more, and Ensign Swellington was not far behind him on the road to another world; for whereas the shell that killed them both gave Swellington time to say, "Hallo, Poppa, old fellow, where are we now?" Poppa himself hadn't time to hear the question, much less fashion a clever reply.

Swellington had always complained that Poppa tried to take the lead out of him, and Poppa had been consistent to the last, his young rival having preceded Swellington by all ten seconds to the burne whence no shelled traveller returns.

"Where's the boys, then?" says Mrs. Colonel O'Gogarty to her colonel; when the good fellow said to the stout wife of his bosom, "Poor old Poppa! I shall never get asked down for the shooting he promised me; and Swellington won't show me his aunt's pinneries!"

"Where's the boys?" asks Mrs. O'Gog, who perfectly well guessed what had happened.

"And how the devil should I know?" asks the colonel. "Lord forgive us all!" says Mrs. O'Gogarty; though it was hard for the colonel to see the force of the argument.

Oh, you should have seen Mrs. Spankiss after the retreat. She was every where in her company, which, as you know, means a hundred men.

"What!" says she. "Tom Smith bayoneted through the heart, and you here, Sam Harrison, to say it? Well, Sam, I wouldn't have thought it of you—no, Sam, I wouldn't! What! they were twenty to one—them Indians! Well, that do alter the question a bit, I must admit, Sam. Give us your hand, Sam. Did Tom send a message to me, Sam?"

"Lor", Mrs. Spankiss, said the sergeant of that name, "do you suppose Tom could send you a message with a bayonet in his uniform and himself too. No, Mrs. Spankiss—Tom sent no message, poor fellow!"

"Humph!" said Mrs. Spankiss, as she sat down in the evening. "Humph! this has been a pretty day's work, this has. You have managed it amongst you, you have. Seven of our company missing, and fourteen wounded. Fred White will never do a olog-dance again; Ned Wealey's lamed for life; and if ever Bob Wilkins sees out of his right eye again, why, he's cleverer than ever I took him to be. A pretty day's work!"

Now, Mrs. Spankiss had been doing a pretty day's work herself. To begin with, before the catastrophe, and after the 3—th had turned out with the full intention of victory, Mrs. Spankiss had gone into such a wash, on the strength of the boys being out of the way, that her quarter looked as though it had been raining linen—in a high state of dilapidation, it must be confessed; for already the want of linen-draperies was beginning to be felt in the garrison, though the time was weeks' distant when four old flannel shirts were to be sold for £5 16s.

Mrs. Spankiss, I may add, was hanging out an immense batch of things when the first news of the repulse reached her ears.

She herself had seen Sir Henry's carriage turned out ready to bring back the general after victory, and it can readily be understood that she had applauded the whole performances which made up the sortie.

For she was a soldier's wife, every one of her many inches.

When, therefore, left behind within the Residency defences, she heard the roar of the distant cannon, and the rattle of the musketry (something like ill-tempered thunder this latter), Mrs. Spankiss did not exhibit any very great emotion.

She had been under fire herself so often, and she was so tough in general, that it would have taken a park of artillery in her neighbourhood to make her take her wash in with anything like uneasiness. And had you seen her coolly reclaim her washed property after the ugly rush of men to the shelter of the defences, and when the houses beyond, but very near the defences, were filled with the best marksmen the enemy had, you would have said there was one right woman in one right place—for that she was a female to lead her husband's own company on to a forlorn hope—though, by the way, she could not understand the words "forlorn hope"—and to come out of that fight victoriously.

"Here's Captain Moon's best dress linen one," said Mrs. Spankiss, coming in with a pile of things, "shot clean away at the gussets!"

"Bless me, Mary Ann, have you been out under fire?"

"Sergeant Spankiss, I have."

"Why—did you forget the children?"

"Sergeant Spankiss, I did not. But honour is honour, and if you think, Bob, I was going to let the enemy riddle my wash, you was mistaken. Why in the morning there wouldn't have been a decent rag to swear by!"

Meanwhile there was panic in the camp, if camp it can be called.

Never for one peaceful minute did the enemy cease pouring in shot, shell, carcasses, shrapnel—every shape which ammunition takes.

The night was lit up with the belching flame.

The enemy appeared to be drunk with their first success. They had driven the English back, they had hacked the dead and wounded into thousands of atoms, and now they came on towards the little nest of Englishmen and faithful Indians, like a pack of famishing wolves thirsting for blood.

But, like wolves, they showed their teeth—and did not venture beyond safety.

Had they swarmed over the poor, weak defences in their myriad numbers, nothing could have saved our countrymen and women; but the Indians knew of what the feringshees were capable, knew that they would fight to the last; and though therefore they knew that any assault made by them in numbers must succeed, yet few were ready to be leaders, and to this reluctance the English owed their safety.

Now Mrs. Spankiss, though a powerful woman in general, and a

female Hercules at a tub, was a woman who remembered her promise to love, honour, and obey Bob Spankiss. She loved, honoured, and obeyed her sergeant equally; she loved him not any the less because she did not tremble when she knew he was under fire; she honoured him, though she frequently set him right in the matter of the Queen's English; and she obeyed him, though she had a respectable moustache of her own, and stood in her stockings nearly half an inch taller than the sergeant in his boots.

Yet, on this particular night, and while the iron and lead were raining an unceasing shower of death upon the garrison, Mrs. Spankiss ventured to contradict her sergeant. He had said, "We have been licked!"

And she said, actually, "Nonsense, Bob!"

It was the first time she had ever done such a thing as contradict!

Spankiss looked up, and he could not have shown more surprise had a shell suddenly appeared in the tent, and then have been as suddenly turned back again.

"Mary Ann!" says the sergeant.

"Leastways," says the sergeantess, "I dare say you know best—but I meant to say, sergeant, that if—if the English have been licked to-day, they won't be to-morrow or the next day."

"Gad!" says the sergeant, "if we have many more to-days we shan't have many more to-morrows. I pray God, my lass, there'll be no slaughter here."

"Why, you don't mean to say—" said Mrs. Spankiss, and as she spoke she turned pale.

"I mean to say, wife, that I do not think we can hold out long against the mutineers, and that if help don't come soon, why, they may as well stop away. Anyhow, I hope you will know what is your duty as a mother?"

"Bob," said Mrs. Spankiss, "I do!"

And apparently Bob comprehended.

So he kissed his wife, and they parted gaily, for there was to be no sleep that night for the red-coats—the enemy were too close. Yes, the sergeant and his wife parted gaily, though they knew they might not see each other again. You see, they were old soldiers, both of them, and it is surprising how cool your old soldiers will go into action.

"Better times to-morrow," says the sergeantess.

"I hope so, lass," says the sergeant, with a very long, yet cheerful face. And so the couple parted.

Next day, however, was indeed to be a day of mourning in the garrison.

But, before we reach that next day, perhaps it would not be amiss to ask the question, "How and where did Miss Wilhelmina Skeggs pass the night?" Now as nobody saw her during that eventful period, any statement should be received with caution; but it was generally reported at the time that the fashionable in question was down in a cellar, making herself as small as possible, and screaming at intervals to such an extent that the sweet sound was taken for that of some new kind of projectile which never appeared to do any harm.

It was on that black second day in July that a greater catastrophe fell upon the garrison than the retreat of Chibhutt.

Up to that date whatever had been done was achieved under the eyes of the general. He was everywhere, and had a word upon everything. He who had saved the English at Lucknow, he who had provisioned the Residency both with rations and ammunition, he who had foreseen and worked for the future, was about carrying home the account of his life to the MASTER.

On the night of the 1st July, the General Sir Henry Lawrence did not go to bed. There was too much work to be prosecuted.

But when the morning had arrived, and the defence was in as good order as it could be hoped to possess, the weary general, at eight a.m., returned to the Residency, which building stood in the midst of the position defended by the English, and being much fatigued, he lay down upon his bed.

There he had not been many minutes when an eight-inch shell crashed into the room through a window, and exploding immediately after its entry, a fragment struck the good soldier in the upper part of the right thigh, near the hip.

A fearful wound was the consequence.

A Captain Wilson, who was standing alongside the bed, with one knee on it at the time, and who was reading a military record of some kind to the general, was knocked down by falling bricks, though the wound he received was but a very slight one.

A nephew of the general's, also in the room, and lying on another bed, had a very narrow escape.

He was not touched.

There was a fourth person in the room, an Indian servant, and he lost a foot.

A moment, and the news spread.

Sir Henry was wounded.

In after times, when men came to think of it, they were unable to say of whom or by what means they learnt the news—all they could remember was that they knew the general was wounded.

And in a short time—a period sufficient for doctors to examine the wound and pronounce upon it—the farther news spread that the wound was beyond all doubt mortal.

The news stupefied the garrison. All who learnt the news, as far as ever the compiler of these papers discovered, were unable to realize the statement that the man who had saved the English at Lucknow on the 30th of May or the 1st of June, had lost his own life at the end of the first month of their troubles.

Conceive of a ship's company which suddenly hears that the anchor has parted, imagine a man instantaneously blinded, suppose a woman swiftly informed that her sole child is dead, and you can comprehend the feeling which took possession of the garrison as that awful news spread around like the ripple of water when a stone is cast upon it, spread from the central point of the defences, the Residency, to the very earthworks within a hundred yards of the enemy.

At any time during the previous month Lawrence's death would have been felt to be a catastrophe; but now, when the English had suffered a defeat—when the Indians were surrounding them, and the very sky was ablaze with their wrathful fire—now to lose their general! It was as though the death-warrant of the garrison had been read.

Men looked at each other stupidly, and held their peace; or uttered but a word or two.

But there was one man in garrison who was cool, calm, and collected.

He was Sir Henry Lawrence himself.

Why, great heaven! what had he to be afraid of in death?

Works and life had all been good.

If to work is to pray, Sir Henry had been a prayerful man.

He had striven all his life—for others. Much being forgiven those who have much loved, he might have died peacefully, even had he much sinned.

Forethought and patience, charity and kind-heartedness—these had been the companions of his life, and they bore him sweet company, as he lay, mortally wounded, waiting for death.

Why, it was but natural that he should be less awed by his coming death than other men were by the news.

They had expected more help and service of the good man, while he, knowing he had done all the good he could, was quite ready to go, after he had once given his last kind orders.

No sooner does Brigadier-General Sir Henry Lawrence hear that he has to die, than he remembers that he must make preparations for death, but works in order to do as much good as he can before he dies. He sends for Major Banks, and appoints him to the chief commissionership; and he sends for Colonel Inglis, and appoints him to the command of the troops.

So far, he has done all he can.

He allows himself to be removed to one Dr. Fayer's house, which is less open to the enemy's fire than his own.

Even the natives who had remained faithful were awe-struck at the catastrophe.

And it is said that some of the many spies, which made the enemy as well acquainted with our movements as we were ourselves, carried the awful news to the besiegers without.

At all events, a short time after the news had reached the trenches, loud and exultant shouts were heard on the part of the enemy, and the firing became more fierce.

A hurricane of jingal, round shot and musketry continued hour after hour without a moment's cessation.

It was supposed that no less than 10,000 men were firing into the garrison during that day. Now multiply that by the probable number of charges fired, and some idea of the danger the English ran may be imagined.

No place was safe from bullets and shot. Spots which appeared to be most protected were shown to be the most dangerous.

In fact, from the houses which surrounded the position, the enemy commanded it, and had the power of directing their fire against any spot they chose; hence the facility with which the Residency was shelled, and the ease with which Sir Henry Lawrence was hit.

That first day of the true siege of the Residency was such an agony as most men are spared from. Danger lay in every inch of the garrison, and to add to the horrors of that day, no stores could be got at till the night-time, for the roads leading to these stores were utterly exposed, and it was therefore certain death to show oneself in the open.

The firing never ceased that day.

On the previous evening, and when Mrs. Spankiss gathered in her big wash, people had no idea things were so dreadful as they were.

Even Mrs. Spankiss would have trembled at danger, had she been able to quiver under such circumstances, when she saw the metal hail.

"Well, it can't last for ever," said the good woman, as she tried to keep her long legs out of the way of stray bullets, by curling them up under her as she sat (nursing her own last little one and poor Mrs. Fisher's little Jerry with equal attention), below a protection of military sand-bags.

But it did last all day, and if Mrs. Spankiss was not hit, she learnt by the peppering down of the sand upon her head, and into the dear children's eyes, that, if she had escaped, her neighbourhood was not so fortunate.

Meanwhile Sir Henry lay peacefully dying. He did not complain—he only waited.

That same evening, Phil and Clive met near the hospital door.

Clive, restored to his regiment, had redeemed his honour by fighting at Chibhutt, and getting a slight wound in the left arm.

"Hallo, Clive, where are you going?"

"This is hot work, isn't it?"

"Awful! I've left the hospital for a few minutes' breathing-time. Some of the wounds are fearful—tulwar wounds. But you look weary, Clive—does that bit of a scratch pain you?"

"No, but—"

"Well, out with it, St. Maur; what are you thinking of?"

Now, the two old friends had by this time reached a knot of trees, which, perhaps, was not so dangerous as many other spots in the position, and here Phil sat down, well knowing from experience that Clive would speak in a few moments.

"Phil!"

Phil is listening. By Jove, look at that shell!

"Phil, I'm thinking of that unhappy wife of mine."

"Well, Clive, a man can't do better than think of his wife when he loves her."

"And I do love Lotty, by heaven!"

"I know you do, old hoss. What were you thinking about Lady St. Maur?"

"Why—why surely that woman, Vengha, did not speak the truth?"

"Don't believe she could do it," said the surgeon.

"I wonder whether she has left the garrison? If not, perhaps she might be bribed."

"Oh, yes; she would take a bribe, and rejoice in the hope that you were going to believe in her."

"I wish you had not let her go."

"I almost myself wish I had handed her over to the mercies of a court-martial."

"You don't think there was any truth in what she said about Lotty?"

"Not a word!"

"I confess I have been shuddering on and off all day, at the idea of Lotty leading those rascals on."

"Listen to me, Clive St. Maur; and as I've done something for you—"

"God knows, you saved my life," said Clive, eagerly.

"Well, perhaps I did, and I won't say nay to your words, since they will justify me in getting into the pulpit. Now look here: your wife is either Christian or Hindoo. / say she is the former, and as good a Christian as any of us. Now that she has no tie to keep her at Delhi, she would, if she is her own mistress, return here, to seek you out, because she loves you, Clive, as no woman ever loved me. But if she does not return, believe me, she is not her own mistress."

"What then?"

"Why, old fellow, be patient, for impatience might drive you back into your fever once more. Take it this way: either Lady St. Maur has no power to return here, or does not care to do so. In the one case, you would treat her memory with contempt; in the second, you must wait till—till we've stopped the firing of these beggars, and such a pottin' I never remember to have assisted at. There's one comfort, however—their ammunition can't last long at the rate they are going on at."

"Phil!"

"What is it—once more?"

"I've wondered sometimes, was she mad when she gave that order?"

"What about?" Here Phil appeared to be unable to pull his words together. "About the boy?"

"Yes."

"Now, you know I've said a dozen times that I don't think you can be quite certain that it was the boy who was shot away from the cannon."

"Why who else could it have been? The whole scheme depended upon the annihilation—no, not annihilation—upon the killing of the poor little chap."

"Well, Clive, hope, anyhow you take it, is a blessing, isn't it?"

"Yes, old fellow."

"Then try and hope."

"Nonsense—the boy is gone!"

And here Dr. Phil Effingham gave mouth to a very strong expression which began with a steep D.

The fact was, a shell had burst over their heads at a highly convenient distance for depriving both officers of those advantages.

"I think we had better be on the march, Clive—I hate to be hit out of the field. And now just you hope for the best."

Here the old friends moved away. They did so in time, for it was very clear that they had been spotted.

As Phil looked back he uttered an exclamation.

"By Jove, good firing! Gad, Clive, if we had kept where we were, there would have been an end of all farther speculation."

Thank ye," continues Phil, saluting in the direction they had just left.

"The boy's dead," says the baronet.

And as a medical officer was passing at that juncture, Phil asked how the general was.

"Sinking slowly," was the reply.

No; the statement was wrong; and I vouch for my assertion, though I was not at Lucknow at the time.

Brigadier-General Sir Henry Lawrence was not sinking slowly—he was rising swiftly.

And to a better world than that in which sepoy were shooting down women and children.

For the pieces of money the seward had trusted the good man with had not been laid on one side, and the steward surely paid the general good interest.

(To be continued in our next)

NEW WORKS.

DALZIEL'S ILLUSTRATED ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS. Part V.—London: Ward and Lock, Fleet-street.

The engravings in this beautifully illustrated work are continued in the same excellence and care which have characterized the previous parts. The present part contains the conclusion of the history of Nourreddin Ali and Bedreddin Hassan, and follows with the history of the Little Hunchback, and several other stories.

DALZIEL'S ILLUSTRATED GOLDSMITH.—THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD Part III. London: Ward and Lock, Fleet-street.

It would be difficult to add further commendation to the opinions already expressed of the admirable manner in which this work is brought out. It is not alone for the exquisite engravings: the taste displayed in the selection of subjects is equally deserving of mention.

BEADLE'S SIXTY-NINE BIOGRAPHIES.—LIFE OF GAIUS BALD. London: Beadle and Co., Paternoster-row.

This is decidedly the most concise, and, at the same time, the most complete history of the great hero who has just departed from our shores that we have yet seen issued. Its only drawback is the very short account of the affair at Aspromonte. The little volume is teeming with interesting facts in the general's career, many of which will be now read by numbers for the first time.

BEADLE'S AMERICAN LIBRARY.—THE SLAVE SCULPTOR.—London: Beadle and Co., Paternoster-row.

This is another of those well-selected tales which have appeared in this novel familiar form. The one before us relates more particularly to the Aztec race previous to and during the invasion and conquest of Mexico by Hernando Cortez. We need scarcely add that the work is full of adventure and stirring scenes.

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